JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. II. No. 49. Saturday, May 11th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Offices of JOHN BULL *have now been removed to* 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, *where, in future,* ALL COMMUNICATIONS *must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements.*

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Deakin has at last unburdened his heart, mind, and conscience of that Colonial Conference resolution in favour of preference which has been providing fiscal reforming editors with innumerable texts and paragraphs ever since this loquacious statesman arrived on these hospitable shores. The point of view of Mr. Deakin is clear, however much he disguises it. It is the Colonies, or rather Australia, first and the Mother Country in the distance. The facts are as plain as most men's noses. The Colonies are not in a position to give Free Trade to Britain even in return for a free and unrestricted market, a protective navy to which they do not contribute, and a cheap inflow of productive capital. They want to do the best possible for their own people in the development of their own resources; and as Britain is a strong competitor in their markets, they tax her goods. If Britain were to retaliate by taxing theirs, there would be a row at once. Indeed, we might have no Colonies. What Mr. Deakin, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour and the rest ask, however, is that 44,000,000 of British people shall practise on the foreigner what the Colonies practise on the Britisher, namely, tax his products (including the bulk of our food supply) in order to force Colonial products down British throats at high prices. There is one way of settling this Colonial Fiscal question, and it should be put before the Colonial Premiers. Let the Colonies give us the free markets we give them. Even the man in the street can see that what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander. The answer will be what we have previously stated: they cannot afford it. Well, our answer is that forty-four millions of people cannot afford to tax four-fifths of their food supplies for the advantage of 11,000,000 who continue to tax us. As Mr. Chamberlain said in 1896, anticipating, as it were, his later *volte face*, "This proposal is in effect that while the Colonies should be left absolutely free to impose what protective duties they please, both upon foreign imports and British commerce, they should be required to make a small discrimination in favour of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system, and impose duties on food and raw material. Well, I express again my own opinion when I say that there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time this country, or the Parliament of this country, would adopt so one-sided an agreement." Mr. Chamberlain is always most effective when he answers himself, and we trust Mr. Deakin will take the answer.

Mr. Deakin is certainly the least tactful of the Colonial Premiers. Not content with endless efforts at self-advertisement, he misses no opportunity of disparaging publicly what he might only discourage decently in private. If he wanted to rail at the red tape of the Colonial Office, he need not have gone over to Paris to do so. Nor was France the right place for him to repine at French triumphs in the New Hebrides. If the Conference turns out a failure, we shall have to thank Mr. Deakin chiefly for the catastrophe.

It is instructive to notice that the very Jingoes who are slobbering over General Botha's visit to this country are at the same time quaking at the idea of a Boer army under that same soldier. Of course, it does not follow that Botha will always remain at the head of the Transvaal Colony, but these endless anxieties about the future afford a sorry comment upon the joyful confidence which the Empire is supposed to lavish upon her youngest sons.

The extreme Protectionists are gloating over "the rising tide of German trade," as reflected in the report of our Consul in Wurtemburg. They even cite the great dearth of labour and the increasing wages as a triumph of Protection. But they forget that prices rise faster than wages, and that the last state of German workmen will be worse than the first. The Protectionists are, perhaps, still more amusing with their new cry for "Tariff Reform and no Income-tax," which, being interpreted, means that the burden of the middle classes shall be transferred with added weight to the shoulders of the very poor.

What would have been said about that eccentric Bradford gentleman, Mr. Firth, "well known in temperance circles," had he been a tippler? Mr. Firth entered into a contract to purchase a large estate and lay it out as a model village, with the result that the unfortunate owner has been nearly ruined, now that Mr. Firth, "well known in temperance circles," has been found to be a lunatic.

Preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral on Easter Sunday, the Bishop of London informed his flock that the explanation of the Jamaica earthquake, the "Berlin" wreck, and other recent catastrophes, was not

that "God could not have controlled the earth or the waves, but because He preferred to leave the workings of the world to the laws of Nature." Perhaps the Bishop will tell us to what "law of Nature" earthquakes and shipwrecks are due —and, after that, who is responsible for such law? Come, come, Bishop! wouldn't it be more honest to say that you are unable to reconcile such things with the idea of a Deity, all-powerful and all-good? Why, in the very next sentence of your sermon you say, "It is not in this life that people receive the reward or punishment for their good or evil deeds." Then why the earthquake and the wreck? Surely not divine caprice?

This is an age of cranks, and now it is the turn of the smokers. Here we have the Rev. G. Bowden, at the Northern Conference of Baptist Churches, telling us that "the use of tobacco is responsible for a great proportion of the insanity, crime, and physical degeneration of the present day." Personally, we do not—or, more correctly speaking, we cannot—smoke, but it seems to us that anyone who is capable of such a statement is either "non-compos" or grossly ignorant. We wonder what the reverend gentleman's parishioners think of his remarks. If they have any "go" in them, they ought to "smoke him out" at the next vestry meeting. If he had troubled to look into the matter, Mr. Bowden would have found that tobacco smoking was introduced into this country about the year 1586, and thence spread through Europe, in spite of Royal Edicts and the denunciations of the Church. The Royal Edicts have dropped, and nowadays most parsons and prelates smoke. Some of them do little else; but the babbling of the Bowdens continues. One other gem from this misguided gentleman's speech: "Every child of a smoker is cursed before it comes into the world." Obviously the only reply is that every guilty parent should be made to "smoke" after he has left the world. But that means that we shall have to spend our days in paradise with Mr. Bowden and his ilk. We think, on the whole, we'll learn to smoke.

It is an instructive thing to take a glance over the list of shareholders of some of the newspaper companies. You come across strange names, and in the case of some of them at least, their financial interest is totally at variance with their publicly-expressed convictions. This is a form of cant and humbug which deserves to be exposed. Magistrates and judges, be it remembered, have referred to the evil influence especially of some of the juvenile literature disseminated by the Northcliffe manufactory, to which we have specifically called his lordship's attention. Yet here we have the name of Lord Kinnaird as the holder of a large number of shares. Now in face of his position as a prominent and professed philanthropist, as one of the organisers, guarantors, and speakers of the Torrey-Alexander Mission, and as president or vice-president of a dozen or more social and religious agencies avowedly opposed to all the works and ways of a discredited yellow press, where does his lordship stand? Does it not look like building up with the one hand what he is helping to pull down with the other, and thus rendering all his efforts nugatory and void? And, by the way, Lord Kinnaird is this year Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, performing in Edinburgh in that capacity the time-honoured State ceremony of opening, as the representative of the King, the annual assembly of ministers and delegates from all parts of the country!

What a world of pathos may be crammed into a few words! The other day an aged pauper was ordered by a Welsh Board of Guardians to quit their workhouse. The old man's name was William Jones, and he appears to have been a very troublesome sort of fellow. Once, indeed, it is said, the Guardians—good, kind souls!—in despair, shut him up in the mortuary with a dead pauper for companion. But the old chap was not dismayed. He simply stood the corpse up against the wall and made himself cosy in the coffin, causing the affrighted female attendant, when she brought the food, a dreadful shock. Now he has broken out again, and being threatened with legal proceedings if he did not quit the place, here was his reply: "Well, I might as well be in prison as in *any other home*." There's food for thought for the social reformer. Just as well in prison "as any *other* home." No wonder the Tariff Reformers smile when we say we are the richest country in the world.

We note with some interest and no surprise that the yellow press forgot to mention that the reduction of a penny in the new L.C.C. Education Rate is made on the estimates of the old Council, and is not to the credit of the "Municipal Reformers" in the slightest degree. Attention is here drawn to the matter merely as a footnote to history.

Beards and whiskers have been denounced as "face-fungus" and "skin-moss," but the general attitude towards moustaches remains complacent. Paris waiters have even gone on strike in order to wear fringes on their supernal lips. It is difficult to imagine what pleasure can be found in such disfigurement, which some persons actually regard as almost a proof of beauty and manliness. Surely all hair should be discouraged on human faces. By concealing the features it adds to the difficulty of detecting criminals, and it prevents the immediate recognition of an evil expression. It is also dirty and very much in favour among persons who fight shy of soap and water. It collects soup and fragments of victuals, which gradually decompose and emit horrid odours; tobacco clings to it; and microbes delight to dwell therein. Away with it! Let it no longer cumber the face.

Some months ago all the papers were full of drivel about "dear little Prince Olaf," how he crowed or waved his hand or otherwise proved that he was not absolutely half-witted. Now the same toadying flunkeyism is being lavished upon the sons of the Prince of Wales. They cannot look on at a game or take a walk or blow their noses without some egregious scribe snapshooting them and writing reams of rot about the "fine little fellows." One of them has now actually gone to school. What condescension, what a proof of the splendid simplicity of the children of the great, what a touching exhibition of simple humanity! The young Princes are no doubt all right, but why can't the papers leave them alone?

Prince Buelow, the German Chancellor, makes it clear that Germany has no sympathy with the British proposal for the reduction of armaments. He makes no bones about the fact that he will be no party to an international arrangement for a reduction of armaments at all. There is no question that in taking this view he speaks for most Germans. Germany perceives her growing isolation, and to put it bluntly, she has no fancy for the rôle of the under-dog. She wants a big navy for the same reason that Britain wants a big navy, and it is probable that, if Britain were in her position, she would regard a proposal that she should cease building warships with as little patience and as little reverence as Prince Buelow does.

After all, the politics of nations are to be regarded primarily from the national point of view. By reason of the shifting of the international centre, Britain can afford to be self-sacrificing. Her humanities happen to be on the side of her interests. Her armaments are a terrible drain on her industrial life, and the premium of insurance on her national security grows heavier and heavier. Being the top-dog, she says to the other nations: "You stop building warships and we will stop

building warships. When we have all stopped, let us all reduce them in proportion." The result would be that we should still be in the position we are to-day, and the other nations would be prohibited from making themselves any stronger. This is the plain, unemotional logic of the British proposals which Prince Buelow will not even discuss. From his own point of view we do not blame him. It carries with it this necessity, however: If the Hague Conference will not agree to an International Court of Arbitration, and if it will not agree to a reduction of armaments, then Britain must continue to build warships. Obviously, there must be a stopping-point some day and somewhere among the Powers, and if it does not come in peace, it will come in war.

It is in the nature of juries to look for a compromise, and the result of Colley-Maskelyne spooks' case will hardly please either party. What is clear is that the jury did not believe in the rev. plaintiff's spooks, or that a parson who dabbled in such mazes of foolery could be seriously libelled by the allegation that he was a bogus Archdeacon. On the other hand, they appear to have taken the view that if "Colley Wobbles," as the well-known conjurer described the rev. gentleman, had not commenced a libel action, Mr. Maskelyne would not have counterclaimed to recover the challenge money of £1,000 for the production of the Monck spook. When Mr. Colley offered the challenge it was wildly and at large, and when Mr. Maskelyne accepted it no doubt the idea in his mind was that his reproduction of the Monck illusion would be a good advertisement. So the jury gave the injured parson £75 to solace him for the statement that he was a bogus Archdeacon, and dismissed Mr. Maskelyne's counterclaim for the challenge money. On the whole the verdict will enable both Mr. Colley and Mr. Maskelyne to keep their spirits up.

It goes without the saying that in the midst of a vast deal of spiritualistic imposture there is some room for sincerity. Most mediums are clever frauds; many of them are frauds not clever at all; almost all of them known to the public have been exposed. The ex-Premier, Mr. Balfour, is or was a Psychical Researcher. Eminent men of science like Alfred Russel Wallace openly express their belief in the genuineness of these "warm-footed" apparitions clothed in clouds. The fact is, your clever man of science is no more competent to investigate the phenomena of mediumistic conjurers and tricksters than a butcher or a greengrocer, for the more able a conjurer is the more he guards against being found out. When he is, these eminent men of science will not admit they have been fooled, and they reduce all tests to farce. Thus we have Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace saying that exposures prove nothing, for when a spirit is grabbed it violently returns to the medium, and since there is nothing to grab in the case but the medium, the medium and the spirit are unwarrantably assumed to be the same thing. Against absurdities of this kind there is no argument, and thus spiritualism never convinces anybody except those who, against all evidence, wish to believe in it.

With the retirement of Sir Evans Gordon from Parliament goes the gentleman who discovered the London alien, made the Alien Question, became the real author of the Alien Bill, and was duly rewarded with a title by a grateful Tory party. That compared with the rest of the population of London the destitute alien is very small potatoes and very few in the row didn't matter. He served as a party cry, and the member for Stepney worked him for all he was worth. The contest between his successor and the Liberal candidate should be interesting. The Opposition majority stands at 637, and is the creation of a perfect, if expensive organisation. The Liberals haven't an organisation worth, and we almost dare add, which cost twopence. They can win only by a miracle, and miracles—despite Mr. Colley—do not happen nowadays. Still, all things considered, they have been lucky in securing Ben Cooper as their champion.

A number of optimistic idiots in Boston have started a movement to make Mr. Roosevelt President of the United States for life. "The eyes of the people," explains the circular issued, "are turned to the doer of things—Mr. Roosevelt—as the saviour, guide, and leader of the fortunes of the United States." At present the President wears an assortment of ordinary hats; but if the proposal goes through we have reason to believe that America will buy him a golden crown set with tremendous diamonds, also a sceptre and an orb, and a throne to sit on when he receives company. What these bubbling Bostonians want, indeed, is not a President, but something glorious in kings. We are not saying for a moment that Mr. Roosevelt would not make a successful king if he got the job; probably he would hustle around with the best. But it is conceivable that the Americans might some day want a change, and then he would take a good deal of moving. He would sit on his throne as if he were glued.

The death of Judge Addison recalls an amusing incident. Some seventeen years ago he went to spend the summer at Dieppe with his family. There he made the acquaintance of the celebrated impressionist painter, Mr. Walter Sickert, who invited him to sit for a cartoon for the *Whirlwind*. Addison acquiesced, and a very impressionist sketch was duly despatched to the editor, with a letter saying, "This is Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P., about whom I know nothing." Sickert, of course, expected that Addison would be looked up in "Who's Who." However, the erratic editor was lazy, and, instead of accompanying the article with the ordinary eulogistic biography, wrote as follows: "The *Whirlwind* Cartoons. XI. Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P. The gentleman immortalised this week by the exercise of Mr. Walter Sickert's genius is Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P., about whom we know nothing." The result was that the little Addisons were taught to cut the little Sickerts on the sands.

When the Merchandise Marks Act was passed, the enthusiasts who screamed for it on the house tops had in mind only to brand foreign products with the stamp of inferiority. Before that date foreign and British goods intermingled in British marts, so that nobody could tell the other from which. Somebody went to spend a few crowded hours of glorious life at the seaside, and brought proudly home a beautiful fourpence ha'penny cup and saucer labelled "A Present from Margate," totally oblivious of the fact that it was made in Germany. After the Act was passed the same class of "Presents from Margate" were duly stamped "Made in Germany," with the result that Germany got a splendid advertisement for nothing. Moreover, profiting by the advertisement, Germany (and other foreign countries) commenced to improve their goods and put more of the sorts the Britisher did not make, or made dearly, on the market. Thus the advertisement grew bigger, and became more valuable as it grew. Now a Bill comes into force in January, and Germany, or Austria, or Bavaria, or Switzerland will get that advertisement no more. The article to be sold in British markets will simply bear the words "Made Abroad." Even so, "Not British Made" would probably have been a better phrase for the purpose in view. Somebody proposed during the discussion in the House that the new Bill should be extended to the imported egg. But, of course, this would never do. It takes an egg six weeks to come from Australia, and only a few hours from France or Denmark, and therefore to stamp an egg "Made in Australia" would—but no matter. Let every Colonial egg speak for itself.

Evidently "wishy-washy" religious tracts are in no favour with Father Higley, a member of the Stepney Board of Guardians. The other day he denounced

them in scathing terms and protested against their distribution in the workhouse. Tons of this class of rubbish are shot at the British Public yearly, but whether they make any other priest or parson swear, as Father Higley admits they do in his own case, is not a matter on which we have any means of throwing personal light. The yarns told by these tracts are of the sensational type; on the one hand, men and women going down break-neck into hell, and on the other, being redeemed and turned into picture saints in a twinkling, and reading their title in the skies. This sort of stuff no doubt appeals to weak-minded people, who like their religion served up with blood and fire. Whether it should be shot at the heads of the inmates of our workhouses, who have committed no crime beyond that of being poor, is another question. Personally, we think this class of literature should be reserved for our gaols, as additional punishment in special cases. Of course, the workhouse inmates need not read them, though no doubt most of them do for lack of the nobler fare—such as this great organ. The publisher will be delighted to supply the tract societies with the same on the usual trade terms.

Some few years ago a well-known London journalist collected a great mass of material about the British Baronetage. It was all ready for publication when it was conveyed to the gentleman who had undertaken to defray the cost of the enterprise that the scandals disclosed would involve so many families and cause so great a sensation that it would be advisable not to proceed with the publication. All the sheets were, therefore, destroyed, and, we believe, only one, or at most two, copies of the work are now in existence. It may be that the Baronetage Committee have gone over similar, if not the same, ground as the author of the suppressed book. At all events, one witness says there are at least seventy-five baronets who wrongfully assume the title, and the Committee estimate the doubtful cases at 5 or 6 per cent. of the whole Baronetage, which numbers 1961. Yet the only conclusion they can summon courage to arrive at is that no person who is not on the official roll of Baronets should be received at Court as Baronets, or styled, titled, called, known, or distinguished as the same.

We admit that in many cases the startling facts should be leniently regarded. When a man has been calling himself a Baronet all his life, after the manner of his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before him, it would, no doubt come to him as something of a shock to find that his great-great-grandfather had no more right to the title than the man in the moon or the man in the street, and that, consequently, he himself was nobody in particular. The heraldic authorities call for a thorough examination of titles and a complete and thorough purging of the Baronetage; but if that were done it could only result in, say, Sir Beauchamp St. John Cholmondeley Trevor-Tredeggar going to bed at night to find himself plain Bill Smith in the morning. On the whole, we think the Committee have taken a humane, though we cannot say a courageous, view of this harmless scandal—harmless, of course, we mean from the public point of view; for whether a man be called "Sir" or plain "Mister" does not matter twopence to anybody except himself.

We pity the future historian of our times. Take the recent Colonial Conference discussion on Preference. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* will tell the historian that Mr. Deakin made out an overwhelming case, and that Mr. Asquith's "Cobdenite platitudes were torn to shreds." The *Daily News* will tell him that Mr. Asquith "made mincemeat" of the Colonial arguments and fallacies, and the *Morning Leader* will record the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer "stated the case against Preference with unanswerable cogency." The *Evening News* will proclaim that Mr. Asquith "caused millions of his fellow countrymen to blush for his behaviour," and the *Telegraph* will describe the action of the Government as "a great betrayal"; but on turning to the *Daily Chronicle*, our historian will find that the Government has "abided by the verdict of the people," whilst the *Tribune* will tell him that Mr. Asquith demonstrated that "Free Trade was no shibboleth, but a matter of vital national interest." And so on, and so on. We equally pity the poor student.

Our open letter to the Mayor of Coventry seems to have resulted in the decision that the chief character in the forthcoming Godiva procession shall be adorned with something in addition to the "altogether." The lady is to have clothes here and there, we understand, so the modern Peeping Tom may save himself the trouble of either making a hole in his house door, or planting himself before a window with opera-glasses. In fact, nobody in Coventry will have to blush at all, not even the policeman on the beat; also Mrs. Grundy and the Bishop of London may hold their peace. In these circumstances we waive all objections to the performance. The procession may process.

Here is a little parable:—

DO WE BELIEVE?

The fat man with the heavy gold watch-chain looked round the saloon bar. "This very day I made ten thou. out of the rise in cotton."

The listeners sniggered audibly, and a little mild man made a note in his pocket-book.

"Do you doubt what I say, sir?" said the stout man, turning savagely on him.

"No," said the mild man; "I have a wonderful capacity for belief. I am the Income-Tax Surveyor."

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 263.

For announcing that "halfpenny currant buns, toasted, are a new idea,"

THE EDITOR OF *M.A.P.*

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 264.

For stating that 75 per cent. of barmaids are intemperate,

MRS. MARY SHARLIEB, M.D.,

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 265.

For stating that "the number of immoral women in the West End of London who have been barmaids is one quarter of the whole,"

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 266.

For summoning a tradesman for "having in his possession an unjust weighing machine" on the ground that "the scales were half an ounce in favour of the customer,"

MR. DIXON (a Weights and Measures Inspector)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 267.

For denying that in his recent book "The Chorus Girl" he was "endeavouring to conceal beneath the shirts of the chorus girl 'a tinned drama' scandal,"

MR. APPLIN (Author)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 268.

For stating that both Mr. Rockefeller, and his son are "good Christians,"

THE REV. MR. AKED

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 269.

For expressing the opinion that in its workshops the Church Army does not aim at gain,

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE BACHELOR TAX.

By F. P. DUNNE.

(Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure and Co.)

"This here pa-aper says," said Mr. Hennessy, "that they're goin' to put a tax on bachelors. That's r-right. Why shudden't there be a tax on bachelors? There's one on dogs."

"That's r-right," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they're goin' to make it five dollars a year. Th' dogs pay only two. It's quite a concession to us. They consider us more thin twice as vallyable, or annyhow more than twice as dangerous as dogs. I suppose ye expect next year to see me throttin' around with a leather collar an' a brass tag on me neck. If me tax isn't paid th' bachelor wagon 'll come around an' th' bachelor catcher 'll lassoo me an' take me to th' pound, an' I'll be kept there three days an' thin, if still unclaimed, I'll be dhrowned, onless th' pound keeper takes a fancy to me.

"Ye'll niver see it, me boy. No, sir. Us bachelors ar-re a sthrong body iv men polytickally, as well as handsome and brave. If ye thry to tax us we'll fight ye to th' end. If worst comes to worst, we won't pay th' tax. Don't ye think f'r a minyit that light-footed heroes that have been eludin' onprincipled females all their lives won't be able to dodge a little thing like a five dollar tax. There's no clumsy collector in th' wurruld that cud catch up with a man iv me age who has avoided the machinations iv th' fair f'r forty years an' remains unmarrid.

"An' why shud we be taxed? We're th' mainstay iv th' Constitution, an' about all that remains iv liberty. If ye think th' highest jooty iv citizenship is to raise a fam'ly, why don't ye give a vote to th' shad? Who puts out ye're fire for ye, who supports th' Naytional Governmint be payin' most iv th' intarnal rivnoo jooties, who maintains th' schools ye sind ye'er ignorant little childher to, be payin' th' saloon licenses, who does th' fightin' f'r ye in th' wars but th' bachelors? Th' marrid men start all th' wars with loose talk whin they're on a spree. But whin war is declared they begin to think what a tur-r'ble thing 'twud be if they niver come home to their fireside, an' their wife got marrid again, an' their grandchildher an' their great-grandchildher an' their widow an th' man that marrid her an' his divoorced wife an' their rilitives, descindants, friends, an' acquaintances wud have to live on afther father was dead and gone with a large piece iv broken iron in his stomach or back, as th' case might be, but a pension come fr'm th' Governmint. So, th' day war is declared ye come over here an' stick a sthrange-lookin' weepin in me hand, an' I close down me shop an' go out somewhere I niver was befure, an' maybe lose me leg defindin' th' hearths iv me counthry, me that niver had a hearth iv me own to warm me toes by but th' oil stove in me bedroom. An' that's th' kind iv men ye'd be wantin' to tax like a pushcart or a cow. Onscrupulous villain!

"Whin ye tax th' bachelors ye tax valor. Whin ye tax th' bachelors ye tax beauty. Ye've got to admit that we're a much finer-lookin' lot iv fellows thin th' marrid men. That's why we're bachelors. 'Tis with us as with th' ladies. A lady with an erratic face is sure to be marrid befure a Dhream iv Beauty. She starts to wurruk right away, an' what Hogan calls th' doctrine iv av'rages is always with thim that starts early an' makes manny plays. But th' Dhream iv Beauty figures out that she can wait an' take her pick, an' 'tis not ontil she is bumpin' thirty that she wakes up with a scream to th' peril iv her position an' runs out an' pulls a man down fr'm th' top iv a 'bus. Manny a plain but determined young woman have I seen happily marrid an' doin' th' cookin' f'r a large fam'ly whin her frind who'd had her pitcher in th' contest f'r th' most beautiful woman in Brighton Park was settin' behind the blinds waitin' f'r some wan to take her buggy ridin'.

"So it is with us. A man with a face that looks as if some wan had thrown it at him in anger nearly always marries befure he is old enough to vote. He feels he has to, an' he cultivates what Hogan calls th' graces. How often do ye hear about a fellow that he is very plain but has a beautiful nature? Ye bet he has. If he hadn't an' didn't always keep it in th' show case where all th' wurruld cud see, he'd be lynched be th' Society f'r Municipal Improvement. But 'tis diff'rent with us comely bachelors. Bein' very beautiful, we can afford to be haughty an' peevish. It makes us more inthrestin'. We kind iv look thim over with a gentle but supeeryor eye an' say to oursilves: 'Now, there's a nice, pretty, atthractive girl. I hope she'll marry well.' An' whin she marries wan iv our frinds we say: 'Ain't it too bad that such a fine girl shud throw hersilf away on a practical joke iv Nature like that.' By an' by, whin th' roses fade fr'm our cheeks an' our eye is dimmed with age, we bow to th' inivitable, run down th' flag iv defiance, an' ar-re yanked into th' multichood iv happy an' speechless marrid men that look like flashlight pitchers. Th' best-lookin' iv us niver get marrid at all.

"Yes, sir, there's no doubt we do a good deal to beautify th' landscape. Whose pitchers ar-re those ye see in th' advertisemints iv th' tailor-man? There's not a marrid man among thim. They're all bachelors. What does th' gents' furnishing man hang his finest neckties in th' front window f'r but to glisten with a livelier wish, as Hogan says, th' burnished bachelor? See th' lordly bachelor comin' down th' sthreet, with his shiny plug hat an' his white vest, th' dimon stud that he wint in debt f'r glistenin' in his shirt front, an' th' patent leather shoes on his feet outshinin' th' noonday sun.

"Thin see th' marrid man with th' wrinkles in his coat an' his tie undher his ear an' his chin unshaven. He's walkin' in his Congress gaiters in a way that shows his socks ar-re mostly darned. I niver wore a pair iv darned socks since I was a boy. Whin I make holes in me hosiery I throw thim away. 'Tis a fine idee iv th' ladies that men are onhappy because they have no wan to darn their socks an' put buttons on their shirts. Th' truth is that a man is not unhappy because his socks ar-re not darned but because they ar-re. An' as f'r buttons on his shirt, whin th' buttons comes off a bachelor's shirt, he fires it out iv th' window. His rule about clothes is thurly scientific. Th' survival iv th' fit, d'ye mind. Th' others to th' discard. No marrid man dares to wear th' plumage iv a bachelor. If he did his wife wud suspict him. He lets her buy his cravats an' his cigars, an' 'tis little diff'rence it makes to him which he smokes.

"'Twud be villanous to tax th' bachelors. Think iv th' moral side iv it. What's that? Ye needn't grin. I said moral. Yes, sir. We're th' most unselfish people in the wurruld. All th' throubles iv th' neighborhood ar-re my throubles an' my throubles ar-re me own. If ye shed a tear f'r anny person but wan ye lose ye'er latch-kay, but havin' no wan in partiklar to sympathise with, I'm supposed to sympathise with ivry wan. On th' conthry, if ye have anny griefs ye can't bear ye dump thim on th' overburdened shoulders iv ye'er wife. But if I have anny griefs I must bear thim alone. If a bachelor complains iv his throubles people say: 'Oh, he's a gay dog. Sarves him right.' An' if he goes on complainin' he's liable to be in gr-reat peril. I wudden't dare to tell me woes to ye'er wife. If I did she'd have a good cry, because she injyes cryin', an' thin she'd put on her bonnet an' r-run over an' stick th' widow O'Brien on me.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and after Dinner.

"Whin a lady begins to wondher if I'm not onhappy in me squalid home without th' touch iv a woman's hand ayether in th' tidy on th' chair or in th' inside pocket iv th' coat, I say: 'No, ma'am, I live in gr-reat luxury, surrounded be all that money can buy, an' manny things that it can't or won't. There ar-re Turkish rugs on th' flure an' chandyleers hang fr'm th' ceilins. There I set at night dhrinkin' absinthe, sherry wine, port wine, champagne, beer, whisky, rum, claret, kimmel, weiss beer, cream de mint, curaso, an' binidictine, occas'nally takin' a dhraw at an opeem pipe an' r-readin a Fr-rinch novel. Th' touch iv a woman's hand wudden't help this here abode iv luxury. Wanst, whin I was away, th' beautiful Swede slave that scrubs out me place iv business broke into th' palachal boodoor, an' in thrying' to set straight th' ile paintin' iv th' Chicago fire burnin' Ilivator B, broke a piece off a frame that cost me two dollars iv good money.' If they knew that th' on'y furniture in me room was a cane-bottomed chair an' a thrunk, an' that there was nawthin' on th' flure but oilcloth an' me clothes, an' that 'tis so long since me bed was made up that it's now a life-size plaster cast iv me, I'd be dhragged to th' altar at th' end iv a chain.

"Speakin' as wan iv th' few survivin' bachelors, an old vethran that's escaped manny a peril an' got out iv manny a difficult position with honour, I wish to say that fair woman is niver so dangerous as whin she's sorry f'r ye. Whin th' wurruds, 'Poor man,' rises to her lips, an' th' nurse light comes into her eyes, I know 'tis time f'r me to take me hat an' go. An' if th' hat's not handy I go without it.

"I bet ye th' idee iv taxin' bachelors started with th' dear ladies. But I say to thim, 'Ladies, is not this a petty revenge on ye'er best frinds? Look on ye'er own husbands an' think what us bachelors have saved manny iv ye'er sisters fr'm. Besides, aren't we th' hope iv th' future iv th' instichoochion iv mathrimony? If th' onmarrid ladies ar-re to marry at all, 'tis us, th' bold bachelors, they must look forward to. Lave us our money. We're not bachelors fr'm choice. We're bachelors because we can't make a choice. Ye all look so lovely to us that we hate to bring th' tears into th' eyes iv others iv ye be marryin' some iv ye. Considher our onforchnit position an' be kind. Don't oppress us. We were not meant f'r slaves. Don't thry to coerce us. Continue to lay f'r us an' hope on. If ye tax us, there's hardly an old bachelor in th' land that won't fling his five dollars acrost th' counter at th' tax office an' say: "Hang th' expense. It's worth it."'"

"Ye're surely a fine lot iv men," said Mr. Hennessy. "Grand men like ye oughtn't to have to pay taxes. Good-night."

"Where ar-re ye goin'?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I'm goin' home."

"Where?"

"Home."

"Why, it's arly yet. Ye're not goin' home at this hour? Why, 'tis just th' front dure iv th' avenin'."

"I've got to go."

"Ye'd betther stay a while. It's lonely here alone."

"I mustn't. I want to see th' childher before they go to bed."

"But ye ain't goin' to lave me here alone?"

"I wisht I didn't have to, but I got to."

"Oh, be a good fellow. Here, what'll ye have? It's on th' house."

"No, I'm goin'. I lave ye here to——"

"To what?" demanded Mr. Dooley.

"To pay th' rale bachelor tax," said Mr. Hennessy.

TO CLIO, THAT SHE SHALL CLOSE HER EYES.

Close up those casements and now dress
Your eyes in gentle sleepiness;
Else will night think it is the day,
And send the nightingales away.

B.

THE LIVING-IN SYSTEM

Referring to our article on this subject some weeks ago, and to the discussions that have since been going on respecting the system, we publish the following letter from an assistant in one of the largest drapery houses. It speaks for itself:—

In these days of keen competition between business houses, it must often be a source of wonder to the man in the street as to how profits are made sufficient to pay the substantial dividends which accrue from many of these companies. As an assistant in a principal drapery and furnishing house I think I may offer some clue to the mystery. When engaged, certain conditions are laid down to which the assistant must agree or forfeit his engagement. The primary grievance is that he must, if single, live in, or be at a financial disadvantage by living out. The conditions in the house to which I refer are such that it is impossible in the winter to obtain any degree of comfort. One sitting-room only is in existence where there is a fire, or where any degree of warmth may be obtained, and this is not adequate for a quarter of the number who desire a comfortable room in which they may read or amuse themselves according to their own particular inclination. The discomforts are such that some of the assistants have banded together and hired, at their own personal expense, a room in which they may obtain the comforts they desire. The sleeping accommodation does not call for so much comment, although the fact of having perhaps three bedroom fellows of an entirely different temperament is not conducive to happiness. And then, sir, I wonder how many of the customers who patronise this establishment are aware how or what with we are fed. Our menu is as follows:—

Breakfast.—Bread and butter, not always of the best, and tea and coffee. Nothing else is provided, although the firm sees the necessity for extra sustenance, and arrangements are made whereby a rasher can be *bought* each morning at a cost of 1s. 2d. per week.

For dinner, beef or mutton, which, to my own personal knowledge, has on occasions been unfit for human consumption, and occasionally boiled ham, resurrection pie, or fish. Potatoes are served up in their skins in tin bowls, about once a week another vegetable is added, and occasionally pudding is provided. I should be glad to know whether sufficient time is found in workhouses to peel the potatoes, or whether they are served in the same way.

For tea, bread and butter and tea, which resembles dishwater, are served on a plain wooden table with no cloth.

For supper the bread which may be left over from tea again turns up, and this, with cheese and beer, constitutes a meal. To complain is to court instant dismissal, and this fate has during the last fortnight been meted out to two of our number who rightly refused to eat what to them was, to say the least, unpalatable. There are, of course, a great number of fines for slight offences, and compulsory levies are also made, to which we are obliged to subscribe, such as boot cleaning and library (both of which, one would think, should be provided as part of our maintenance), and we are then made to pay for general wear and tear of the building by subscribing to a breakage fund. I could enumerate further restrictions which go to make us more like slaves, but I think I have said sufficient to show how shop assistants are treated, even in the largest establishments.

We must not be understood to suggest that the treatment above described is a fair sample of what young men and women have to reckon with in these big drapery houses, but it is to be feared that it is not very exceptional. Some houses, we know, do all in their power to minister to the health and comfort of their assistants, but unfortunately they are few.

MR. TREE'S RETURN.

Unreported Incidents Related by Our Own Special Correspondent.

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On his return from Gottinhimmelberg, Mr. Tree was received at Victoria Station by Bill Smith, attired in the uniform of a railway porter; cordial greetings took place between the distinguished pair. Subsequently Bill Smith escorted Mr. Tree to his automobile, and on bidding him farewell was presented with his Majesty's portrait in bronze.

On arrival at his lordly playhouse, the celebrated actor was received by William Johnson, attired in the uniform of a fireman. What occurred at the interview has not transpired, but it is whispered that the gallant official was promised promotion in the near future to the important position of Inspector of Buildings.

Later in the day Mr. Tree entertained himself to luncheon at the Carlton Hotel, where he was received by Alberto Spaghetti, attired in the uniform of a head waiter.

IN THE CITY.

BRITISH CAPITAL AND THE COLONIES.

The *Statist* has compiled some figures which may be commended to those who think that in refusing to tax our food supplies we are behaving shabbily to the self-governing Colonies. Already they enjoy at our hands a very valuable preference in the supply of the capital they need for their development at a much lower rate of interest than they could have got it—if they got it at all—from foreign countries. Great Britain has invested in Indian and Colonial Government, Corporation, and railway securities over £900,000,000, and the total sum invested by her, including mining and other securities, is upwards of £1,300,000,000. The *Statist* takes the last 25 years and shows that—leaving India out of the calculation—the United Kingdom has provided the Colonies with over £600,000,000 of capital. Of this amount we have lent £268,000,000 to the Colonial Governments, £35,000,000 to Colonial municipalities, and about £145,000,000 to Colonial railways. Further, the Mother Country has invested immense sums of money in Colonial mining ventures, banks, land companies, mercantile houses, and the miscellaneous Colonial industries. Here are the figures for the 25 years:—

British Capital Investments in Colonies (including banking, mining, and other industrial companies) at end of 1906.

Colonial Government Securities.	Colonial Corporation Stocks.	Colonial Railways.	Total.
£	£	£	£
386,925,000 ..	39,142,000 ..	194,522,000 ..	630,589,000

The prosperity of the Colonies is largely due to the capital borrowed from the Mother Country. At the end of June, 1906, the public debt of Australia and New Zealand was £300,619,000, and most of it came from the United Kingdom. South Africa can only hope to recover past prosperity when British capital flows freely into the country once more. Canada is enjoying unprecedented prosperity because the flow of British capital to the Dominion is unstinted. What do the Colonies give in return?

The present indebtedness of the several States of the Australian Commonwealth is a matter of grave concern to the British investor, whose money has often been frittered away upon unprofitable undertakings, carried out at the behest of unscrupulous politicians to please their constituents. There is really no excuse for delay with regard to the consolidation of the State debts, and the British public should refuse to subscribe to any further loans until this has been accomplished. There is some uncertainty as to the extent of the powers of the Federal Government to take over debts incurred after the accomplishment of federation; but even if the debts were transferred as existing on January 1st, 1901, it would be an unqualified advantage. The total amounts to £199,000,000, the interest payable thereon being over £7,000,000. Of these sums Victoria is responsible for £49,000,000, on which £1,889,000 is payable by way of interest.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES AGAIN.

We have had occasion to speak plainly about the International Securities Syndicate, of Victoria Street, S.W., a firm which makes a speciality of unloading foreign premium or lottery bonds on the unsophisticated at prices which bear no comparison with the correct quotations ruling on the Paris or other Continental Bourses, where they are legal securities. These people a few months ago issued a pamphlet giving very reasonable prices, which were, however, marked "subject to market variation." In it they quoted Ottoman Bonds at £6, or very near the actual Bourse figure—but with practice they have gradually become more and more audacious. Now they are quoting Ottoman and Panama Bonds at £8 each, although the former are practically unchanged in price, and there is on the Bourse a difference between them and Panamas of 25s. to 30s. In this they are copying the methods of the notorious Cunliffe Russell and Co., exposed in an early issue of JOHN BULL. The International's Congo Bond prices, too, have jumped from £3 16s. to £5.

All this is now notorious, yet we find an advertisement in *Home Notes*, purporting to be an editorial article on "Women's Money-making Ability," describing how "£5 saved can make £5,000 without risk." Opening with a few lines of flapdoodle flattering to women, the article goes on to describe what a fiver can do. It can be "turned into a fortune without trouble, if only the right methods are adopted." The right method is the purchase of a "Premium Bond," and the lady-typists and lady-helps who read *Home Notes* are told that "the French Government, the Austrian Government, the Belgian Government, the Egyptian Government, of which, of course, Lord Cromer is the leading financial expert, are among the authorities issuing and guaranteeing these securities."

The writer then descends to figures, and they are, as he declares—"wonderful." "Frenchwomen have," he says, "learnt the success of the great wealth which may accrue" by buying premium bonds—but they do not, he omits to state, purchase at double fair market prices through the International Syndicate. The peroration of this wicked editorial-advertisement, humorous to those who know, but insidiously enticing to the ignorant who may be led away by its evasive falutin, we quote as follows:—

> "Fortune is within the grasp of everyone of you—fortune with its accompanying throng of luxuries, new frocks, diamonds, travel, amusements; its accompanying pleasures, the pleasure of giving, the pleasure of making one's husband, one's children, one's brothers, happy. All 'you' have to do is to 'write to the International Securities Syndicate, etc.'"

This, remember, appears in a presumably respectable journal which caters especially for the home, the business girl, and the young housewife. There is no mark whatever to indicate that it is an advertisement, and the vast majority of *Home Notes* readers no doubt have assumed that it is the direct expression of views endorsed by the proprietors of the journal. Surely it is not with their approval that such editorial advertisements appear?

FOR A FIVE-POUND NOTE!

The Consolidated Securities Co., by its title and its pamphlets, evidently wishes to impress the world in general that it is a respectable trust company with the philanthropic mission of selling to the investor low-priced shares which will eventually bring him fortune. In an artistically-designed pamphlet the well-worn story is told how Mysore gold shares could at one time have been bought for threepence, and at a later date realised for £7 15s. Therefore the investor is advised to lay out his money in a selection of "cheap" shares" which are presumably in the distant future to follow the lead of the famous Kolar mine. The shares suggested are 20 Burbank's Birthday, 10 Komata Reefs, 20 Barberton Exploring, 10 Etruscan Copper, 20 Anglo-Russian Petrol, and 20 British Mutoscopes—all these embryo Mysores are to be had in one lucky parcel for a five-pound note. Of course, transfers free, the stamps, etc., will cost another 20 p.c. on the sum invested—but that by the way.

What is the record of the shares advised? Burbank's Birthday has been pronounced by Bewick Moreing's—and they are generally cheery enough—as hopeless; the Komata Reef ore is so adamantine that it scarcely pays to crush; Barberton Explorings are completely hors de combat—until reconstructed; Etruscan cannot show profits even with copper at its present boom price; Anglo-Russian Petrol is "exploring"; the British Mutoscope has issued no report since 1903. We have plenty of waste paper at Red Lion Court, and we will sell a ton for the same price as the Consolidated Securities people ask for a few ounces. It will be worth as much per lb. in ten years' time as theirs!

U.S. STEEL.

The decision of the Directors of the United States Steel Corporation not to increase the dividend on the Common Stock was a prudent one and not unexpected. "It is a favourite method," says an American contemporary, "of Wall Street when in dire need of new funds, to take a cheap popular stock and to put it up to create an outside following. For that purpose Steel Common has been taken in hand, but with abortive results only. Tremendous cash sales, stories of high dividends, and a gigantic business just forced on the Steel Trust were used for that purpose, but without avail. The public has become too cautious to follow such old tricks. It knows that the Steel Trust is doing well at present, but it does not believe that a higher dividend will be forthcoming under prevailing conditions, or that the directors will depart from the conservatism which they observed three months ago when the outlook was not as clouded as it is now."

AMERICAN CONTROL.

Those American controlled mines again! The Esperanza, just as we forecasted, has ceased to ship ore in May—but

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Write at Once for Pamphlet (post free on mentioning this paper.)
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the official reason is not that there is no more ore to transport, but that it is impossible to obtain enough railway cars to do the business! We believe that it is quite likely that this once brilliant Mexican property will get to rich stuff again, but for the time being it would be more candid to admit the exact position. The mine is now dependent upon its average grade ore, and from this cannot expect to obtain more than a £12,000 monthly profit. Of the other Mexican mines we believe that the El Oro, the Mexico, and the Dolores are shaping well—but with the last-named American control again introduces an element of speculation beyond that which must be associated with the best of mining propositions.

THE COBALT BOOM.

Three cobalt companies in a week suggest that the long-anticipated cobalt boom is in view, or, at any rate, that some people think that now is the time to bring it to pass. Since this is the case it may be useful to give a word of warning. Recently there was an advertisement in the newspapers to the effect that investors in cobalt mines are protected by the Government inspection of mines, and no title to a mining property can be obtained in Ontario, Canada, until the Government engineer certifies that there is payable ore in place. Our readers will do well to attach slight importance to this assurance. It might have been said with equal truth that the Ontario Government guarantees Cobalt shareholders their dividends.

What is true is that Cobalt is one of the richest, if not the richest silver camp on earth, a truth the Yankees were the first to discover, with the result that they, being more willing than the Canadians to take chances, have got the pick of the ground. This year, up to the present, nearly 3,000 tons of ore have been shipped from the various working mines. In 1904 the production was 158 tons, valued at 136,217 dollars. Last year it had risen to 5,129 tons, valued at 3,900,000 dollars. There are some 200 Cobalt mining companies, and twenty-two of them are actually shipping ore. The Cobalt mines are capitalised at something like 370,000,000 dollars. In 1903 the capitalisation of the companies was 25,000 dollars. They are working night and day in the mines. During winter very little development above ground is carried on. With the advent of spring the camp presents a busy appearance. As to those who wish with its aid to get rich quickly, they must chance their luck at Cobalt, as would be the case in any other mining camp.

ST. HELENA. DISCOVERY OF PHOSPHATES.

Some time ago Mr. W. H. Herdsman was sent out to St. Helena by Messrs. Morrison and Co., of this city, to report on the manganese ore deposits there. Unfortunately Mr. Herdsman's report was very unfavourable, and what was generally looked to by the islanders as a new industry, affording substantial revenue and relief to the embarrassed finances of the island, proved to be commercially worthless. Mr. Herdsman, however, appears to have made an unexpected discovery of phosphate at Prosperous Bay, estimated to consist of over 250,000 tons, the accumulated deposits of many centuries. If what we hear about this find is confirmed a bit of luck will have come to the islanders, who are in sore need of it.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 °/₀ per annum.

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The losses of British insurance offices at San Francisco have exceeded general expectation. Twelve offices, with premium incomes ranging up to nearly 2½ millions sterling, and with aggregate premium receipts of nearly 14½ millions, had between them to pay about 6¾ millions for losses at San Francisco alone. This is an average of about 47 per cent., or as much as the whole losses of many of the companies in 1905.

NEW ISSUE.

England's Premier Cobalt Mining, Ltd., has been "incorporated and registered under the laws of Ontario, Canada." Its capital is $1,100,000 in shares of $5 each. Twenty thousand shares represent the working capital, and all shares are fully paid and non-assessable. The company has acquired the freehold of 40 acres said to be near the Buffalo, Silver Queen, and Hudson Bay properties in the neighbourhood of the Cobalt region, Nipissing district. It is stated that on the adjoining Evans property developments have been effected to a depth of 75 ft., and a 6 in. vein of cobalt and silver struck. It is also stated that two shafts have been sunk on the England's Premier property and several veins located. In the opinion of an expert quoted, "Vigorous work" should, "within the next ninety days," enable the company "to make as good a showing as any of their rich neighbours." The shares have been dealt in at about 1 1-16.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

British House and Land Company.—D. E. F. (Newport).—We know nothing about it, but we will make some inquiries and let you know the result.

Sundry Shares.—G. H. M. (Leeds).—We should hold Slaters' shares for the present. The continued decline in the quotation is disturbing, but we still think that it will be arrested. As to the Ceylon Pearl Fishery shares, the season has not been so good this year, and at best these shares are very speculative.

Alliance Credit Bank.—Anxious (Faversham).—The answer is in the negative.

Outside Brokers.—Tipist (Lewisham).—We have no doubt the firm you mention would treat you fairly, but you will be much wiser if you keep your money in the Savings Bank. Stock Exchange speculation is more likely to take your saving from you than to add to them. F. R. B. (Glasgow).—We regret we have nothing to add to what we have already said, and that we cannot give you any practical assistance in the matter.

British Tea Table Company, Ltd.—A. L. S. (Leeds).—The reply of the secretary is what you must have expected, and the reason for his reticence is obvious. We see no likelihood of the shares getting back to anything like the price at which you bought.

Three Shares.—Economist.—We think the railway stock and the shares are all sound purchases. With regard to George Newnes, Ltd., we should hold. It is true that the dividend fell last year, but the chairman assured shareholders at the general meeting that the decline was due to causes which had passed, and the record of the company warrants acceptance of his assurance.

Various Swindlers.—M. A. C. (Acton).—We are obliged to you for your letter, which shall have our attention.

Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company of New York.—O. J. L. (Forest Gate).—We do not think you need be afraid of losing your money, although the company is much less flourishing than it used to be.

International Securities Syndicate.—We take note of what you say, and are much obliged.

British Homes Corporation.—H. T. (Swansea).—We will communicate with the intending seller.

Mutual Rubber Production Company.—New Reader (Willesden Green).—We are obliged to you for the pamphlet you send us from these people. We need hardly say that you should have nothing to do with Yankee rubbish of this sort. There is plenty of money to be made by those who can afford to wait from rubber-growing, but you may be quite sure it will not come to those who put their money into the shares of Yankee rubber companies puffed in this country.

Closing of Lists.—E. J. (Tottenham).—You forget that we are on sale several days before our nominal date of issue.

Vogelspontein.—Diogenes (Manchester).—We are afraid there is no escape from the liability.

Directors' Liability.—G. V. E. (Kennington).—Unless the directors gave their guarantee at the request of the company, they are not entitled to be indemnified by it, and, in any case, the other directors would not be liable.

De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd.—O. P. (Stowmarket).—It would have been better—having regard to what you tell us of means—to have avoided speculative shares of the kind. As it is, we advise you to sell. You are, of course, liable for the calls whilst you hold the shares.

Provident Association of London.—A. C. (Wembley).—It seems to us that, having regard to the letter from the Association you send us, you should answer it by asking specifically how, in your own case, they would be prepared to interpret the words "before the date of maturity." We shall be surprised if they do not give you a definite answer, and if they do, that is all you want in the way of information. Anyway, try them, and let us know the result. We return the letter under cover.

Motor Shares.—M. N. (Cape Town).—There is no quotation for the shares of this company.

Kent Collieries, Ltd.—J. (Catford).—We certainly say "No" to your question, but if you hold the shares you must pay the call.

Name of Manager.—J. S. (Cannon Street).—We are obliged to you for the correction.

Provident Association of London.—A correspondent would like to know if any reader has a £500 bond of this Association for sale.

Continental Bonds.—L. B. (London).—They are safe enough, but the bonds you name—Ottoman, Panama, Congo Free State—are not, in our opinion, of the kind you should buy.

Dishonoured Cheque.—Cash (Brighton).—If the manager of the company met a friend of yours in Canada and borrowed money from him, for which he gave a cheque which has since been dishonoured in London, it is pretty safe to assume that the standing of the company of which he is manager is not high. But we have no knowledge of it. Would you like us to see the drawer of the cheque on your behalf? We thank you for your kindly reference to John Bull and John Bull Over-seas, and for sending the latter to Canada, where, we are glad to know, your friends appreciate it.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Women in the Pulpit.

I see that the wife of Mr. Phillip Snowden, the well-known Labour M.P., has occupied the pulpit at a certain service of late. With many burning words she denounced the many inequalities existing in this old world of ours, and denied the right of the well-to-do to enjoy their possessions while others were in want—in other words, she railed against the fact that one class of the community, and that the smallest, more or less make their comfortable living from exploiting the great army of workers. So far so good. But I presume to say that Mrs. Snowden, like ordinary mortals, eats mutton, fish, and eggs. Mutton is manufactured by the sheep preying upon snails, if they can find them, in addition to their usual diet; fish prey upon their smaller kind and water flies; while even the shop egg, once upon a time, owed its being to the fact that the hen which laid it devoured earth-worms and such-like cattle.

If Mrs. Snowden had her way she would bid defiance to the irresistible and eternal laws of nature. I wonder who—or which, as the case may be—would win in the long run?

To carry this good lady's deductions to their logical conclusion would breed more discord and unhappiness than now exists.

While upon the subject of labour, I see that in this great and glorious England of ours a poor woman has been "finishing" trousers at the rate of "tuppence" a pair. She had often worked until four in the morning to earn a crust of bread in order to keep body and soul together. It seems to me that the good people who contribute many hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly in fatuous missionary enterprise might devote some of their superfluous cash to further the practise of Christianity with a woman, who, it was alleged, paid the poor worker at the sumptuous rate mentioned. In many of the so-called savage islands the natives share their food in common, crime is largely unknown, and often the religion of their forefathers is better adapted to their needs than the conflicting tub-thumpings of the missionaries. Why not send these well-meaning but mistaken men to the East End for a change?

By the way, it would be interesting to obtain the name of the employers of the sweated worker referred to.

The Sash.

In our grandmothers' time the sash was draped once, twice, often three times, round the waist, and hand-tied high at the back in a big bow. To-day the sash is to be worn upon our dresss, but it is, usually, a made-up one, and encircles the waist but once. The ends of the nowaday sash should be long, and should fall from a prettily-arranged chow of ribbon in place of the old-time bow. It would be well to lightly bone the belt of the sash so that its many little pleats and folds may be kept in place.

To wear with a grey silk or muslin upon forthcoming days I would suggest a sash of lily leaf-green, or one the colour of the damask rose. A violet sash upon a pink frock would be charming, too, while orange upon turquoise blue, and emerald green upon white would be found most charming.

Oysters au Gratin.

Many women, fearful of eating the live oyster, may be glad to know of a simple way by which they may make a really good hot dish out of them. First, then, make a sauce of melted butter, from half a pint to a pint, according to the quantity of oysters. Add pepper, salt, and a drop or two of lemon. Then chop up the oysters, stir them well into the sauce. Butter the oyster shells, and pour in the mixture, which cover with breadcrumbs and small bits of butter; then bake in a hot oven till brown.

Silk Hats.

Hats composed of glacé silk will be quite the smartest after Whitsun wear. The hat may be of any shape you please, for it is the dressing of the hair which receives most of my lady's attention. It is a case of the hair for the hat nowadays, not the hat for the hair, and the up-to-date milliner, if you ask her, will add to the beauty and fulness of your coiffure by draping the under part of the hat with little tulle curls to match the colour of your hair.

Special Notice.

Mrs. Bull will be pleased to answer questions from her women readers, and to give advice upon dress, husband-taming, and other matters of special feminine interest.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

An M.P. writes, 8/3/07, of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen:

"Your Pen (with which I am writing this on my knee while listening to the Women's Suffrage Debate) is the only one of the kind I have ever had real pleasure in using."

The Pen With the Spoon Feed.

The Main Point in a Fountain Pen is the feed. Waterman's Spoon Feed (Patent) remains the simplest fountain pen feed realised yet. Its very simplicity makes Waterman's Ideal inimitable. It is just as simple a channel for ink as a conduit is a channel for the exact regulation of water.

The fundamental principle—the feed—being right, the pen becomes fountain pen perfection. All the fantastic details loaded on some fountain pens do not clog the direct service of a Waterman's Ideal. It is a straight theory from end to end, and just as straight when it gets down to its business—writing.

Prices—10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Catalogue, post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York, 173, Broadway).

WASTE PAPER.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Real Soldiers of Fortune." By Richard Harding Davis. (London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.)

Nowadays it is impossible for any person of note to walk abroad and escape the attentions of journalistic fiends, who lurk privily with cameras in secret places. Almost every yellow journal has an army of emissaries, who produce ghastly caricatures of men and women in their unguarded hours. But probably few accomplish such prodigies of distortion as the Yankee scribe who now presumes to resuscitate his ephemeral effusions in the guise of an English book. We are told upon the title-page that it is published in London, but when, in our innocence, we proceed to read, we encounter a twang almost strong enough to knock us down. Strange transpontine words bewilder us at every turn. There is a boy, for instance, so husky that his mother cannot carry him very far; the which reminds me of the man who was so deaf that he could not lace up his boots. When we read of "this country," or "our chargé d'affaires," the word Yankee is implied. "The State of New York" is used as a measure of area, and there are cryptic references to some weird festival called "Commencement Day." Commencement of what? If Yankees must publish their works in England, I think they ought to accompany them with a glossary. I suppose it would be hopeless to ask also for conformity with our canons of good taste.

We shall naturally turn first to the chapter on Mr. Churchill. Even Mr. Davis cannot repress his admiration for that bright particular star, though he spoils the effect of his eulogies by various vulgar indiscretions. And there is a certain incongruity about the portrait of a British statesman in a gallery of crudely-painted filibusters.

Of General MacIver's romantic career we are given litt'e more than a catalogue of the eighteen flags under which he fought.

Baron Harden-Hickey reads more like a madman than a soldier of fortune. As a young man in Paris he wrote novels, fought 42 lawsuits and many duels, and received a papal title for defending the Church. Then he set out round the world, and chanced upon the little derelict island of Trinidad. As it appeared to belong to nobody, he proclaimed himself its sovereign and raised a flag of his own devising. Repairing to New York, he wrote a book in favour of suicide, lived on his father-in-law, and eventually notified the Powers of his claim to be what Mr. Davis calls "King James the First of the Principality of Trinidad." Whether this strange confusion of titles is Mr. Davis's or the Baron's is not made clear. Anyhow, he established a Chancellerie and an Order of Chivalry, not to mention stamps and steamers. Then one fine day in 1895 Great Britain was constructing a cable to Brazil, and quietly annexed the island. The "Prince" issued a protest, and was subjected to the derision of the Yankee Press. Mr. Davis is very bitter about this, but what else could have been expected? The Yankees are not going to war with Britain for the sake of a Papal baron and his imaginary principality. Hickey then negotiated for the crown of a Hawaiian island, and quarrelled with his father-in-law, who refused funds for an Irish invasion of England. Then he carried out his own principles and committed suicide.

This is the kind of crank Mr. Davis holds up as a "real soldier of fortune." Others are Captain McGiffin, who killed himself after being wounded in a Chinese sea-fight; William Walker, "the King of the Filibusters," who engaged upon hare-brained adventures in Mexico; and Major Burnham, the famous scout. Skilfully explored, these lives should have furnished some thrilling tales. Mr. Davis only gives us their dry bones, lubricated with a few libels. No one need trouble to read his book.

"Our Lady of the Beeches." By the Baroness von Hutten. (London: Heinemann. 1907. 4s.)

This is a very short, slight story, with none of the human, powerful touches of "Pam." A large portion of the narrative is devoted to the sentiments of an old French nurse and her worthless husband, all of which might have been omitted with advantage. But then there would not have remained enough for even an attenuated tome.

Dr. Saxe wrote an anonymous book, called "The Pessimist's Breviary." This was read in a beech forest by the Countess Winifred Zerdahélyi, an American married to an Hungarian. She wrote anonymous letters to the author, and he replied anonymously, but intimately—almost affectionately. At last they met in America and knew they were in love. But she was a faithful wife, and would not even let him kiss her. So they said good-bye.

That is all, but there are some fantastic and agreeable touches. Perhaps the two best letters in the book are these:

"The Laboratory,
"*August 10th.*

Letter VIII.

"Are you never going to write me again?"

"Berlin,
"*August 25th.*

"Letter
"IX.
"No."

On the whole I rather like the book. But I hate the printer. He begins new paragraphs at the extreme edge of a line, and he numbers the pages immediately below the last line, so that the figures appear to stand part of the text. Consider this confusion:

"Letter
"XIV.

"Rue Tambour, 4 bis—it wasn't
46
breaking my word to drive to rue Tambour, was it?"

You are to understand that the word "breaking" begins page 47.

"The Seven Watchmen." By Mary Dewett. (London: The Century Press. 1907.)

We read in the 37th chapter of Ecclesiastes that "a man's mind is wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower." The mind of Sir Cuthbert told him to give up his estates to an impostor on evidence about 150 years old. The only watchmen in the book are Sir Cuthbert's relations, friends, and solicitor, who talk to him of prescription. Eventually the impostor is unmasked, we hear of changelings, and Sir Cuthbert comes into his own again, which is gratifying to ingenuous readers.

"The Grip of Gold." By Robert Halifax. (London: Digby Long. 1907. 6s.)

I thought Mr. Halifax's previous book clever, for it gave a vivid glimpse of the slums we all love, but now he seems to be attempting to pourtray circles he has never penetrated. The result is not encouraging. The characters appear to be meant for ladies and gentlemen, but they talk like mummers in a melodrama. I can only see men as Trees walking on a limelit stage. Some more slum stories next time, please, Mr. Halifax. You can do better than this.

TO A LATTER-DAY MISTRESS.

Phillis, sweet, why do you wear
Persian dyes upon your hair,
Foreign tresses deftly plaited,
Till to dawn 'tis near related?
(Yours, blue night, as God created!)

Why those pretty cheeks acquaint
With red pots of druggist's paint,
When the pear rare pearl discloses,
And snowdrops purer are than roses?

Mistress, why your body dress
In lawns to hide its loveliness,
When Nature does enrobe, sweet Phillis,
Your perfumed flesh in valley lilies?

Vera Canute.

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The Hugo Language Schools advertise that they enable an entire beginner to form thousands of useful French sentences after two or three lessons only. They claim to do this by some patent system of "Copyright Practice Tables." It hardly sounds possible, certainly; but they have enough confidence in their methods to offer for a limited period six free lessons, to prove the truth of their claim. These lessons will be given at 303, High Holborn, where particulars can be obtained.

Dear Madam (or Sir),

May I send you some specimen copies of John Bull *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Lord Bishop of London.

My Lord,—I believed hitherto that you were a comparatively sane philanthropist, to a certain extent a man of the world, untainted by fuss and gush and clap-trap. It was therefore a disappointment to find you coming forward as a prurient meddler and denouncing such graceful exhibitions as living statuary. If you and people like yourself are offended by the sight of the human form divine, you have your remedy—you can stay away. If you think others are likely to be offended, you should at least offer some evidence that there is a cause of offence. The fact that Mr. Stead, the most squeamish man alive, found the show quite unobjectionable, and displayed his admiration by taking La Milo home to tea, proves nothing, for Mr. Stead's mind is not nicely balanced. But it must be humiliating to your lordship to find yourself more squeamish than he is. I deeply regret to find you treading the downward path so rapidly towards a Puritanism which your ideas and education should have taught you to mistrust. You have already talked enough about barmaids, whose habits you probably ignore. Please confine your expressions to matters with which you have a rudimentary acquaintance. Attend to your diocesan duties. They will take you all your time. And remember the motto: *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Even bishops' curses may come home to roost.

JOHN BULL.

Archdeacon Colley, Spooks' Rectory, Stockton.

Dear Arch.,—I perceive you state that the result of your recent libel action was communicated to you by spirits several weeks ago. They seem to be accommodating, discerning spirits. When you see them again do you mind asking them to tell you the winner of the Derby, and let me know what they say? A fortnight or so before the race will do, thank you. I shall put twopence on for you if they say it is what in the exalted circles of sport is known as a dead snip, otherwise a cert.

According to a gentleman whom I presume is a veracious reporter, "in the music-room of the rectory is to be seen the Archdeacon's coffin, which he shows to visitors." Why in the music-room, my dear Arch.? Why not in the coal cellar? When you play, does it dance? A coffin is not an article of furniture which most people like to keep about the house. If anything encourages spooks that does. I really wonder you don't have a bed made up in the churchyard.

All my life I have been searching for a spook, but I never yet found one which would wait till I struck a light. If you can get one to call on me any time between eleven in the evening and four in the morning I shall be glad to wait up—with a six-shooter. Then, if it isn't a real spook it will be a dead man, and that's all there is to say about it. What do you intend to buy with the damages? How about a ticket to Tibet, where the Mahatmas come from? Or, peradventure, you would prefer to go to Putney, or Jericho? As you please, my dear Arch. Pay your money and take your choice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Viscount Althorp, Lord Chamberlain, England.

My Lord,—In the matter of stage plays it has always been the special function of Lord Chamberlains to make themselves rather ridiculous, but in withdrawing the licence from "The Mikado" after Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has spent several thousand pounds in arranging for its revival you have excelled your predecessors. The licence was given years ago, the piece has been performed thousands of times in all parts of the country; and just because we have become the allies of Japan, and Prince Fushimi is honouring us with a visit as the representative of his Emperor, nobody in England is to enjoy this amusing and inoffensive play again.

The Japanese know very well that it was not written to hurt their feelings or upset their digestions, and that its local colour is merely incidental. It would be quite as funny and just as delightful if it were Chinese, or Siamese, or Javanese. For twenty-five years or more no Japanese in England has taken exception to it; on the contrary. It is therefore rather late in the day for your Lordship to make a fuss about it.

With high respect, I give the Emperor of Japan and Prince Fushimi credit for more common-sense than you do. Your action, which is that of an ornamental Court official, pays no tribute to their intelligence, and, pardon me for observing, I doubt whether any Japanese resident in this country will think much of yours. As a Censor of Plays in Turkey you would cut a notable figure; but, oh, my dear Lord, the figure you have cut as Censor in England—well, I shall take leave to excuse myself from adequately describing it.

JOHN BULL.

Blake Odgers, Esq., K.C., Elm Court, Temple, London.

Dear Blake,—How's trade? I needn't ask. It is always good with you. Just been reading your inaugural address as Gresham Lecturer on Law, and note that you ask, "What is the trouble with our law?" Well, my boy, if you must know, there is such a lot of it, people get so little of it for their money, they have to hang about such a long time in the courts before they get what they pay for, and they never know what it is till they are through with it from King's Bench to the House of Lords. As somebody has said, it smiles in your face while it picks your pocket.

Being an expert, of course you realise all this, and I note that you think codification inevitable. As you say, it wouldn't cost one-tenth as much as an ironclad, and would be a lasting benefit to the nation. So it would, if the codifiers didn't happen to miss out a few yards of it, or stick huge lumps of it in the wrong places. They would do that, for a certainty, if only in order to keep a job or two for your noble profession.

A famous member of the Académie Française once said that what was not clear was not French, and I respectfully submit that what isn't clear ought not to be law. But the law of this country is a jumble of custom, statute, and judicial decisions. The custom is all right—when you can track it. The statutes are all right—when you can understand 'em. And the judicial decisions are all right when—but, 'pon my word, you never know your luck. It seems to me that judicial decisions are law because there is nobody higher than the House of Lords to upset 'em. Write me when you are not busy.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour Judge Smyly, County Court, Shoreditch.

Dear Smyly,—Don't make me smile. In the course of a case heard in your court the other day, you observed to a plaintiff, "You should never trust a man who bets." This isn't funny, and it isn't profound; it is only silly. If nobody is to trust anybody who bets, then nine-tenths of the people in this country are not to be trusted, from the King down through the Lords and the Commons to the ardent sportsman who is after a gilt-edged security at a shilling per fancy. Everybody bets in these days, or nearly everybody. I have seen even members of the aristocracy bet on which of two lumps of sugar a fly would light on.

So, my dear judge, don't generalise, for nearly all generalisations are wrong. It does not follow, remember, that men who bet are either dishonest or bankrupt. If they were, more than one or two of the judges and hundreds of men at the Bar would be dishonest and bankrupt. Always confine your able remarks to the facts of the case in hand, and don't mistake Shoreditch County Court for the universe.

JOHN BULL.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SPOOK CASE—BIRRELL v. REDMOND.

HEALTHY HAIR AT EIGHTY-FOUR.

Remarkable Evidence of a well-known London Consultant on Disorders of the Hair.

It is of course obvious that when middle-aged or young people find that their hair is falling out, either in large or in small quantities, that there must be some unhealthy condition of the scalp which is leading to such baldness, or that the treatment to which they are subjecting their hair is an incorrect one.

To the ordinary mind such cases do not seem at all serious. The right remedy being adopted, the hair will grow again as a matter of course.

But when, with advancing years, the hair begins to fall, then it is a different matter. "Baldness and age go together," say some. "You cannot cure that."

This is a fallacy. With proper treatment hair need never be lost, and, in fact, in many cases a new crop can be grown, no matter how old the individual concerned may be.

Take the following case, really a remarkable instance of the truth of our contention:—

A gentleman, eighty years of age, who had been suffering from a complication of scalp troubles, irritation, scurf accumulations, and falling hair, came for advice to Mr. Warner Oliver, the well-known consultant inedisorders of the hair, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Mr. Warner Oliver examined nim, and prescribed the course of treatment he thought would have the desired effect. The patient was not a good one, in the sense that his health was somewhat frail. And yet, not in months, but in a few weeks, only, a cure was effected.

If we only knew more about our hair we should not have such false ideas about these questions of baldness, greyness, etc. Nearly all these cases can be cured. We therefore advise our readers to write to Mr. Warner Oliver, at 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., for a copy of his standard work on the hair. It is fully illustrated, most interestingly written, and will be sent free of all charge or obligation to any address. Please mention whether you are Mr., Mrs., or Miss, so that this book may be correctly addressed.—Advt.

'Ne'er cast a Clout Till May be out"

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Leeds, 4, King Edward Street.
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Glasgow, 101, Mitchell Street

CYCLES

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

STIGGINS TO THE RESCUE!

Somebody—I am not sure who it was, but I have seen it saddled on to almost every great cynic of the nineteenth century—has remarked that the British people suffer acutely from moral spasms at recurring intervals of a decade or so. I am not a great cynic, nor is the editor of this journal, but I fancy we have both noticed the phenomena more than once during our passage through this vale of tears and other things. For some time past, however, Stiggins has been lying low, save for sundry half-hearted attacks on the brewers and the barmaids. Now at length he has seized upon a war-cry that is like to serve him extremely well; for it may rally to his side many artists and other liberal-minded persons who have been usually opposed to his campaigns of strident nastiness. With all genuine movements for elevating the popular taste in amusements I am in thorough sympathy, although I may not endorse in every particular their plans of action. But for the outcry of the advertising parson, the propaganda of the official snuffler, who lives by stirring up the more noxious moral odours of the city, I have nothing but contempt.

The Cloth and the Statue.

There are reasons for most of these miserable combinations of the Cloth and the paid agitator that from time to time shock the sensibilities of Upper Tooting and call out all the latent spirit of Lower Sydenham. As we have seen by the revelations of young Thaw's secret subsidies to the virtuous Comstock, there is much money in missions for the "Suppression of Vice"—the vice of the other man! That of itself, without further comment, may or may not explain the enthusiasm of the clergy, Anglican and Nonconformist and Romanist alike, for dabbling in dirty subjects publicly. The key to their action will be found among the crumbling of old faiths and social conventions during the past half century. To-day the common peole are more interested in Soho than in Hell, in the Palace Theatre or the Empire than in Heaven, in the Smart Set than in the curious little ways of David and his contemporary libertines. The churches where the parson thumps away to the old tunes, with their brimstone motive and fortissimos of threat, are empty; the places of rational culture, the polytechnics and libraries, are full; the places of reasonable amusement, the theatres, concert-rooms and variety halls, are fuller at least than the ancient kirks and new-built cathedrals. Spiritually the Church has ceased to matter; as a sensational competitor with the Alhambra and the Lyceum on the one hand and the Social Democratic Federation and the Secular Society on the other, it has its possibilities. So that we see our Cardinal Vaughans, and our Rev. R. J. Campbells, and our Bishops of London, talking in scare-lines, playing to the reporters, and filling the second-rate book shop windows with strenuous smiles alongside "Frou-Frou," "Marguerite," and the rest. And so also we have pulpit and platform alliances of the clergy and ministers of all demnominations against the dying boom in "living statuary." There will be small credit in killing it; what there is they mean to get.

An Artful Move.

As I have said, it is a very artful move. Nothing will bring a crowd of a certain sort of men and women together with a rush more quickly than talk of things forbidden, whether it be at a meeting "For Men Only"—a favourite device of the salacious ranter— or at a place of acknowledged entertainment, in West End or East. The popular lady novelist of the period has learnt this lesson only too well; and a few of our caterers for popular entertainment unfortunately are depraved enough to use it as recklessly for the earning of dividends as though they were leading publishers or daughters of the manse. Frankly I do not like this "living statuary." It lacks the charm and movement of life and the cold impassive grace of stone. It is bastard art, and, as such, debased art. One may produce something that pretends to be a fine picture by taking a photo, copying therefrom and faking the result. You may call the sum-total of this process a portrait or a landscape, and sell it to a Yankee newly-rich for many dollars. But I do not call it art. Artifice it may be, even desirable artifice, if the comparative beauty of the end should justify the means. Mr. Shaw says that it is art, just as Mr. Stead says that Miss Someone, clad in tights as La Milo, is beauty, and innocence, and everything fair and worthy. I prefer imagination in all the processes of picture-making; Sargent before the camera, Rodin before Willie Clarkson and the whitewash man. On these grounds, therefore, coupled with an abhorrence of the hypocritical terms in which the indefensible is defended by the defenders of "living statuary," I am almost persuaded to become a pro-

fessional vice-suppressor myself, for this time only, or even to walk in the amateur ranks of the Bishop's band.

PROFESSIONAL HUMBUG.

I know Mr. Frank Glenister of the Pavilion very well indeed, and I am on nodding terms with the directors of that famous hall. I have met La Milo's manager. They are all very nice people. But when they tell me that they staged La Milo with the slightest concern as to whether it "popularised high art" or not, I retire to a convenient spot to smile and blush for the veracity of my fellow-creatures. When they assure me that not only Saint W. T., but many leading artists sat rapt in admiration of La Milo's chaste illusion, and that during her engagement at Piccadilly Circus the auditorium reminded one of the Slade School, and that the sales of Plasticine rose by leaps and bounds immediately thereafter, I am inclined to grin. As Mr. James Welch has put it, in his quiet, sane way, when we find the Cockney youth as anxious to spend his time inspecting the sculptured treasures of our great museums as he is to see "living statuary" at sixpence a go, we may admit more freely that only his artistic instincts are appealed to by the latter. Perhaps the museums would be as crowded as the music-halls if they were as well advertised: who knows? So far I am with the Philistines, led by the Bishop, and the Artists, led by Thornycroft and Bruce-Joy, in protesting against the humbug of selling a female raree show in the name of Art. But there are other questions arising out of this insidious agitation of the Prudes-at-any-price. Mrs. Chant some time go wrote ably of one of them, contending that no woman should exhibit herself in this way without fiery shame for the prosaic purpose of earning a livelihood. As I am in no position to offer a retiring allowance to all the ladies so exhibiting themselves on behalf of their exigent landlords and the income-tax man, I shall not enter into a discussion on that point here.

PRO-PURITANS ON THE PROWL.

What I would rather impress, and impress most emphatically, upon the public is the danger of any encouragement of the Pro-Puritans on the Prowl in their attempt to set up a new Censorship. London will become a very fine place to live out of if our amusements are to be regulated by gangs of notoriety-seeking clericals, backed by timorous stay-at-homes whose morals might or might not be irretrievably injured by contact with a "living statue," their reason dethroned by a "living picture" if they ever went to see one. Now, beyond the natural safeguard of a generally clean popular mind—or, if hardly that, a mind which is not permanently tainted (as the ecclesiastical mind seems to be) by any sort of knowledge of the physical world in which we live—we in London have the fullest needful protection for our morals at the music halls, if not after. Presuming that no one should take the course recommended by the managers on their own programme, and complain privately of anything objectionable in the "living statuary" or other item shown (which all really wholesome and bona-fide moralists would do), there is a small army of County Council inspectors, salaried and otherwise, including soldiers, lawyers, and other men of the world, always on the move. Some of these were told to inspect the turn of La Milo specifically, and they reported that it was beyond reproach from the point of view of decency. Again, the Press for what it is worth, was eulogistic rather than condemnatory of the delicate quality of this "living statuary." It was left for a Bishop who has not seen a single "living statue," and the Watch Committee of the Holy City of Manchester, to rise up and spread angel wings over a too susceptible world that the curse of suggestiveness should not fall too directly upon us. I have walked Manchester o' nights, and I am diverted.

A SERIOUS DANGER.

I do not defend the "living statue," and I should be glad to see music-hall managers abolish it themselves, for it is a very dull and delusive form of joy. But Stiggins grows by what he feeds on. If, failing by private treaty to secure suppression for amusements he has never seen, he enforces through clamour the prohibition of the "living statue," he will not stop there. The whole world of our amusements will come under his tiresome and egregious sway. As the "Mikado" incident has shown, one Censor is more than enough for one country: a multitude of censorious bishops and genufloppers is too terrible a thing to think on. At Drayton (U.S.A.) they are having bloomers made for the Milo in the Art School. At Pittsburg they are about to clothe the "deplorable nudity" of the classical replicas in the Carnegie Institute. I am getting quite nervous as to what they will do to John Bull, unless John Bull should decide once and for all that he will go his own way without superfluous tutoring from the Cloth and its curious array of allies. He must sit on the head of Stiggins promptly and heavily for a start, as an unmistakable guarantee of good faith.

P.

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OUR JUDGES.

By a Barrister-at-Law.

II.—SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM.

Sir William Grantham is the senior Judge of the High Court of Justice. A highly conscientious man, transparently honest in his intentions and just in his desires, he always implicitly believes that he does the right thing and executes perfect justice. Nevertheless, his best friends would feel bound to confess that he is as unreliable a lawyer as he is strong in just intentions, but unconscious bias.

Sir William Grantham.

In his leisure moments he is an exemplary country gentleman, and before his elevation to the Bench was a typical Chairman of Quarter Sessions, but he is by no means the most satisfactory of the occupants of the High Court Bench.

Sprung from an ancestry, many of whom had practised as solicitors, Sir William was born at Barcombe Place, Sussex, on October 23, 1835. He was educated at King's College School, but, intended at first for the lower branch of the profession, he did not graduate at a university. In this respect he is in similar case to many great and learned lawyers. Some of the most successful advocates at the English Bar, and many most distinguished judges, have not had the advantage, or otherwise, of being university men. It may also be noted that many men who have gone to the Bar with the most numerous and brilliant degrees have been lamentable failures in the practical work of their profession. Sir William, however, was an industrious student, and distinguished himself by winning the prize awarded by the Inns of Court to the most successful student of his term. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1863, and went the Home Circuit and Sussex Sessions, but he never had a leading position at the Bar, and one rarely finds his name in the law reports in cases of weight and importance. It was as a politician rather than as a lawyer that the future Judge won his laurels. When a comparatively young junior he became an active worker for the Tory Party, with an eye to a seat in Parliament, and possibly to other sometimes attendant advantages of that position. He contested East Surrey in 1874, and defeated Locke King; three years later he was appointed Q.C., and became a Bencher of his Inn in 1878. At the General Election of 1880 Sir William was again returned for East Surrey, and in 1885 contested Croydon, when he defeated Jabez Balfour, who stood in the Liberal interest. All this long and arduous service was not to be left unrewarded by his Party. The Conservative Party, to their credit, be it said, does not, and will not let good service pass unrewarded, an example in this respect which their opponents might well take to heart. Accordingly, Sir William Grantham, Q.C., M.P., was appointed a Judge of the High Court in January, 1886, and duly knighted, and there he has sat for twenty-one years. This is a long period for judicial service, and Sir William would have been entitled to his pension had he retired six years ago. The profession has had many years to weigh him in the balance by which it appraises all its officers, and with what result? Probably there is no Judge on the Bench as to whom both praise and blame are so freely bestowed. To take the pleasant task first, we do not hesitate to say that a more industrious, courteous and well-meaning Judge never sat on the English Bench, nor one more desirous of serving his country and doing justice. So far as knowledge of law is concerned, he is certainly not what is known as a "black letter lawyer," but he is admitted by all to possess an adequate knowledge of legal principles and practice. With his training and history it would be surprising if he had not, but the good fairies, although they dowered him with many gifts, never gave him "Discretion," that greatest of all gifts necessary for those who are to play a successful part in public life, nor that judicial temperament that should ever characterise the good and trusted Judge. In the ordinary everyday case of Jones *v.* Smith, slander, Black *v.* White, goods sold and delivered, or a breach of promise case, Mr. Justice Grantham gives perfect satisfaction to the suitor, solicitor, counsel and the public, but if the case be one a little out of the common, or one where the rights of the parties are not evident on the surface, but need diligent and patient search, or a case where abstruse or novel principles of law have to be examined and

expounded, Sir William may be relied on either to do or say something which he should not have said or done, or leave undone or unsaid something he should have done or said. Either he "jumps too soon," and unconsciously takes a view before the whole case is disclosed; or his feeling of indignation, as a man, at some real or alleged breach of the moral law or social code, gets the better of his training as a lawyer, and so he causes the junior Bar to scoff, and provides amusement for gods and men, and much work for the Court of Appeal. In an appeal for a trial on the ground of misdirection to the jury some short time since, the learned leader, in opening the case for the appellant in the Court of Appeal, said :—

"My lord, in this case tried before Mr. Justice Grantham and a jury, the trial lasted five days, and the summing-up of the learned Judge took fifteen minutes."

The Master of the Rolls (now Lord Collins) : "Ah, and I see you allege seventeen points upon which the jury were misdirected."

"Yes, my lord."

Yet many of Sir William Grantham's indiscretions do credit to his heart, if not to his head. Even his judicial failings lean to virtue's side, the one exception being, perhaps, his judgments in the Yarmouth and the Bodmin election petitions, where he certainly seems to have looked with a stern eye upon the tea, and with a tolerant eye upon the whiskey. His curious judicial pronouncements in these cases, including Maidstone, brought him the doubtful honour of being the subject of a parliamentary debate and censure, although the Commons decided that his conduct was not sufficiently flagrant to justify the penalty of deprivation; yet the discussion struck a heavy blow at his judicial prestige. However, his sternest critics have a sneaking fondness for Sir William Grantham. As the cadi under the palm-tree, administering a simple and elementary code, he would have been superb; occasionally the wrong head would have been chopped off into the wrong basket, but, in the main, a rough-and-ready justice would have been done. When in the fulness of time, which should not be unduly delayed, Sir William seeks repose amidst the rural surroundings he loves so well, he will carry with him the good wishes of the whole profession, for he has earned the enmity of none.

The learned Judge is fond of riding and hunting; he takes a keen interest in housing his cottagers at Barcombe, and it will be remembered he came into conflict with the Parish Council there recently for infringing the Building Bye-laws, and was summoned to appear before the local Justices. So keenly did he feel this interference with his projects for housing the labourers that during the protracted proceedings he gave way to tears. In all such philanthropic efforts to better the housing of the poor everybody will sympathise with Sir William Grantham.

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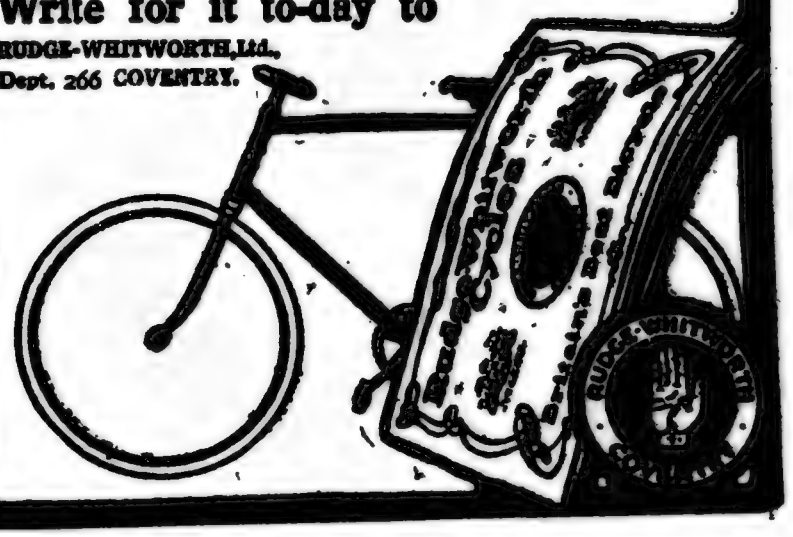

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For centuries past the leading scientists and physicians of every civilised country have been spending their lives and fortunes in the search for a specific or method of treatment which would cure the deadly consumption. Little progress, however, was made prior to the nineteenth century, when Laennec's production of the stethoscope and later Kock's discovery and classification of the bacilli tuberculosi (the germs of consumption) gave a new impetus to experiment and research, having as its goal the discovery of a cure for the "Great White Plague."

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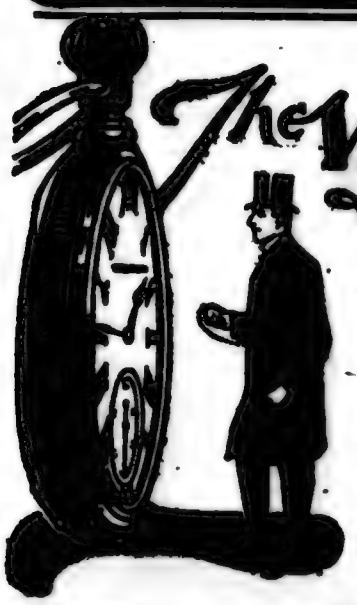

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LORDS AND COMMONS.

By Lloyd Williams.

"It's my belief," said Mrs. Hannington-Bell, "that the House of Lords will sit for ever."

"Beastly tiring for them," said her husband, with his mouth full.

More than once his wife had directed his attention to the fact that, in her opinion, his family were not dainty eaters.

"And quite right they should," she continued. "They know far better what is good for the country than that ill-mannered House of Commons. If they abolish anything, I hope it will be the Socialists."

"What about Bristowe coming to dinner?" inquired her husband. He cared little for Lords and Commons. The corner of his mental eye was always on the Jungle.

"I don't care for Bristowe," said his wife.

He frowned. "Not a bad old sort, and he wants to come down. Would Thursday do?"

"A most detestable man. I made up my mind the last time he was here that I would never invite him again," she observed. "More coffee, dear? It isn't quite so good as the last, is it? I was going to call on Emily Jupp to-day."

"What about Bristowe?"

Hannington-Bell was narrow. His mind could never lay hold of more than one problem at a time.

"I thought we settled it, dear. You might take him to the club one night. You'd have a tremendously jolly time together."

"But I've as good as promised you'll write and ask him down."

The little woman looked prettily obstinate. "Isn't it rash to make promises for other people? You see, you are the House of Commons. It is within your province to propose things, but I have the power to reject them."

"I wish you wouldn't talk rot," said Hannington-Bell.

"It is a beautiful illustration of the necessity for a strong and discerning Second Chamber," she went on. "You, in your weak good nature, would let all sorts of undesirables overrun the house; but the Lords step in. The House of Lords says 'Cave Canem.'"

The Lower House laughed. "You mean 'Veto' perhaps."

"That doesn't matter at all," rejoined the Second Chamber liberally. "The point is that I won't invite Mr. Bristowe here. So don't get fluffy; but take it nicely, like a sensible House of Commons."

"You're a funny woman," grunted her husband. "But I can't spend the whole day jawing."

And he thumped his way into the hall.

Presently he returned, overcoated and hatted. He was the kind of man who doesn't hesitate to come into his dining-room with his hat on.

"'Bye, old lady."

"Harry, what about money?" she said.

The House of Commons looked gloomy. "What money?"

"The monthly accounts, stupid. Isn't this the first?"

He hesitated, drew his gloves through his hands, shook out the leg of his trousers, and removed a microscopic piece of dust from the front of his overcoat.

"The monthly accounts will have to wait."

"Wait?"

She breathed the word in hushed astonishment. Such a position had never arisen before.

"Wait?" she repeated.

"Rather. Why not?"

"I believe you have the cheque in your pocket all the time," she said.

He grinned, and did not reply to the charge directly. "I'm very short just now; in fact, I've got a stiffish fence before me, and I can't spare even ha'pence. You had better draw on your account."

"It's overdrawn already."

He chuckled.

"And the tradesmen——"

"Oh, hang the tradesmen," concluded the Popular Assembly, magnanimously, and strode from the house.

That evening he returned in a state of noisy good humour.

"How's the House of Lords?" he began, boisterously. "Give me a——"

But she waved him aside in the Lily Brayton manner. "I have something to say."

He stared at her in surprise.

"I quite understand what you meant this morning," she continued, icily. "It didn't strike me until you had gone."

"Oh."

"It arose from our stupid talk about the Lords and

Commons. I suppose it's what you call an object-lesson. You think it very clever to cut off supplies."

"Not a bad idea," he said, with an air of satisfaction. "You peers are mighty free with your 'cave canems,' but when the ill-manner House of Commons sits on the money bags, you don't like it."

"We won't discuss it," she said icily. "I admit my defeat, and there is an end of it. It's a pity you are not in Parliament."

"Not bad fun."

He was in the jovial humour when a man would laugh if the kitchen chimney caught fire.

"You have the manners of the Lower House," she added crushingly, and he chuckled with delight. "However, you will be pleased to hear that I have asked Mr. Bristowe to dine with us on Thursday."

"You have written to him?" asked the House of Commons, surprised into seriousness, for he had never known her to concede a point so easily.

"I had no choice. So perhaps you will now be so good as to give me the usual cheque."

The Lower House rubbed his nose, and, after a moment's thought, thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a slip of paper.

"There you are. I'm glad old Bristowe's coming. Any dinner to-night?"

"I hope so."

The Lower House sat there chuckling audibly, while the Lords examined the cheque critically.

"This cheque is dated to-day," she said suddenly.

"Of course it is. Why not? I drew it just before leaving the office."

"Then you—you hadn't got it in your pocket this morning, when we—we were talking?"

"Certainly not. Yesterday I was in a dickens of a mess, but things have straightened themselves out."

"I'm—I'm glad of that."

The House of Lords appeared to be losing its sense of dignity.

"If I'd had the cheque in my pocket, I should have given it to you," he added.

"Then there wasn't any object-lesson?"

"Just as if I should play up such nonsense. There's the dinner bell."

Lords and Commons both rose, and the former took stock of herself in the mirror critically.

"Harry, do you know you didn't kiss me when you came in?"

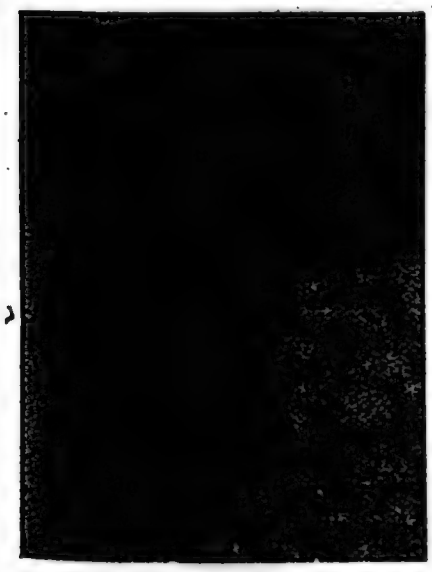
He had already reached the door.

But he went back.

ART IN THE PAPERS.

A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

This object is presented by the London *Evening News* as a lady well-known to the music-hall stage. It appears as an illustration under the headlines, "Barge-Owner Admirer and His Lost £300. Actress in the Box. Story of Her First Appearance when Three Months Old." We do not remember having seen the lady ourselves, for we cannot recognise her by her hat, her tie, her feet, or her face. There are some doubts whether the illustration is an oil painting, a water colour, a Whistler nocturne, a living picture, a sepia sketch, a Christmas almanac, or a snap-shot. We are inclined to the belief that it is a snap-shot taken three thousand years ago, for in these days well-known actresses never gave a studio-sitting in such large-sized boots, not even for a picture postcard. The *Evening News* says it represents Miss Kitty Loftus, but we are sure that lady and her admirers know better. We reproduce it as a work of art which the world should not willingly let die.



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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Colonial Premiers are complaining of being hit "below the belt."

That Mr. Asquith likes being "teas'd."

That the Home Secretary acts under "back-an-alien" influence.

That the "Old Japan" exhibit at Earl's Court is to be banned.

That there are no pictures of the "nude" at the Academy this year.

That the suffragettes are too busy with the "Spring Sales" to bother about their vote.

That the Yell-oh Press is petitioning the Lord Chamberlain to withdraw the license for "The Liars."

That the L.C.C. intend to inaugurate races along the Embankment between the trams and steamboats.

If they did not paint the "nude," some artists would not make a bare living.

DEFINITIONS:—

Incognito.—A disguise which everybody sees through.

Income.—A form of out-go. A payment for rates and taxes.

Indecision.—A seat between two stools.

Indefiniteness.—A condition or quality of political facts and statistics.

Independence.—A method of political isolation.

Indigestion.—An ill-cooked meal. A bad temper.

Indiscretion.—A symptom of early piety.

Indolence.—A way to the workhouse.

Old Maid.—A story without a hero.

Optimism.—Preparing for the worst.

Peach.—A fruit; a girl.

Plaintiff.—The party who pays the costs.

Plodder.—A dunce.

One of the papers recently announced a "Feared Loss of 150,000 Oysters" at Shoreham. It was feared they had been swallowed up by the sea.

At Brentford a father of nineteen children has been summoned for not sending one of them to school. Surely he was entitled to one child to mind the others.

Judge Willis, K.C., recently celebrated his birthday by giving an unsuccessful litigant a gratuity out of his own pocket. It is believed to have been a quid pro quo.

S.P.P.P.—SOCIETY FOR PROTECTION OF PRURIENT PEOPLE.

This *Association* has been formed chiefly to assume a virtue it does not possess. The following reforms will be agitated for:—

That the great truth, "Art and Nature both degrade," shall be taught in all schools.

The decorous draping of all nude statuary—where it cannot be destroyed—in public and private possession.

A strict prohibition of paintings or drawings of the nude.

The wearing of low-necked dresses, "pneumonia" blouses, or short skirts to be a penal offence.

All girls above the age of seven to wear long dresses.

Children of opposite sex—no matter of what age or relationship—not to be allowed to play together.

Shopkeepers displaying certain articles of feminine attire in their windows to be prosecuted, as also newspapers publishing pictures of same.

Horses, dogs, cows, etc., to be decently covered when in public.

If the threatened strike of cricket-ball makers comes off, the cry of "No ball" will mean that the match is "over."

"The Boot Tax," reads a heading. Shouldn't it be "tacks"?

A man left a workhouse because "they came round at night and tickled his feet." That was his sole complaint.

At the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce Mr. Glasgow stated that "weevils become great-grandfathers in a night." A fast life.

"Can a lunatic plead?" asks a contemporary. Yes, and vote too, more's the pity.

In a recent breach case it was stated that defendant returned a box of ties presented by the plaintiff. Evidently he did not mean to tie the knot.

Spirits of ammonia, thrust under the nose of a man who had been dumb for six years, restored speech. He said, "Take the ——— thing away." This suggests a new use for motor-cars.

"Watches of the Night," by George R. Sims, has just been published. We didn't know George was a family man.

Some new motor-cabs are to be painted blue. We hope the drivers language will not match.

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS:—

"I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls."—Mr. Druce.

"The blow it near killed Father."—Miss Iona Innes.

"Following in Father's footsteps."—Mr. Dan Leno, jun.

"Whist! the Bogey Man."—Lord Rosebery.

"'E dunno where 'e are."—Mr. Balfour.

"I may be crazy, but I do love you."—Prince George of Servia.

"Champagne Charlie is my name."—Lord Charles Beresford.

"Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!."—Manager of the Metropolitan and District Railway.

"They can't diddle me."—JOHN BULL.

Result of Billiard Match in the near future (100,000 up):—Sundaw (unfinished), 100,000; Lovesorrow (receives 25,000), 25,000. Attendance one, the marker.

Sir Albert De Rutzen, the chief metropolitan magistrate, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his call to the Bar. At the same time, thousands of other people celebrated the anniversary of their first call.

The report of the Colchester Finance Committee recently included an item of £8 10s., "whisky for sick horses." And this is a country where there are hale men who cannot afford a drop to drink! What is the S.P.C.A. doing?

The following headings, side by side in a daily paper the other day, are amusing:—"TO ENCOURAGE CITIZEN MARKSMEN," "PARIS BANKER SHOT IN HIS OFFICE." Citizen marksmen must not be encouraged too far.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"Running Water." A. E. W. Mason. Written in a very flowing style. Not at all dry.

"The House of a Thousand Candles." Meredith Nicholson. Very light reading. Nothing to do with Hackney Wick.

"A Lost Summer." Theo. Douglas. Rather a cold book. Why not have called it "The winter?"

"A Strong Man's Vow." Joseph Hocking. Nothing to do with Sandow or weight-lifting. A heavy book.

"A Suffragette's Love-Letters." A very strong book. Twelve coppers wanted for every copy.

"The Red Light." C. Weigall. Quite stopped our train of thought.

"The Blue Star." Kate Murray. We do not see how it can be read.

"The Artistic Temperament." Jane Wardle. Rather highly coloured; and worked on a large canvas.

"Perfect Womanhood." David Watson. This book must have been suggested by a dream of Heaven. It is not at all true to life.

Several professors are suggesting remedies for the gooseberry mildew. But it will take a clever man to save the gooseberry fool.

Several vessels were imprisoned when that lock collapsed at Shoreham. They won't be able to turn till they get a new quay.

Mr. Joseph Lyons, it appears, has literary gifts. But he has been connected with Grub Street for some time. We may expect early books on Lamb and Bacon.

Several of the Colonial Premiers over-taxed their digestive organs, and for the time they had no preference for food.

No one knows why Mr. Proctor, the soap millionaire, committed suicide. Washing his hands of life, we should have thought he would have made a clean breast of it.

Several strikes are now in progress. Our information respecting their present condition is as follows:—

Glass-workers. Their scheme can be easily seen through, and the men's hopes will soon be shattered; condition pane-ful.

Chicago Railway employés. Not, as yet, a signal success. Not worked on the right lines. Affairs station-ary.

Paris Provision trade. Employers trying a counter move. Hard cheese for the men.

Austrian Hairdressers. In a nasty scrape. Men complain of barber-ous treatment. Employers up the pole.

Austrian Bakers. Have had a warm time, and are now out in the cold. Knead a rise. Are bringing the matter before the Master of the Rolls.

During the recent small-pox scare in Paris a lady entertained her friends with a "vaccination tea." Surely Society is de-Jenner-ating.

The Genesis of the holiday season began with the Easter Exodus. Railway porters will now want the patience of Job.

The Suffolk Archæological Institute has secured a door knocker supposed to have been associated with King Henry VIII. We thought his penchant was for ringing the belles.

Several scratch motor races have been arranged for Whit Monday at Bexhill. We trust there'll be no 'itch.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

WILL THE READERS who have written us respecting the booklet on the hair published by Mr. Little please note that it is out of print, and that the money sent is being returned?

MR. E. J. PETCH, of 31, Radnor Road, Cardiff, informs us that he was selected by participants in the *Football Chat* competitions to represent them on a committee of fifty which investigated the methods of Mr. Windust in the conduct of those competitions, and at the same time inquired into the allegations made by Mr. Joseph Stoddart in regard to the same matter. The committee met on April 20th at the Hotel de l'Europe, Mr. Petch being elected chairman. Over a score of names of prize-winners were called at random from a list containing every one between 1904 and 1907, whereupon the cheques, claims, coupons, and receipts were produced. It having been stated by Mr. Stoddart that a Mr. Pash, who was said to have won £75, was not a prize-winner, Mr. Pash attended, and his cheque, claim, coupon and bank pass-book were produced. The proceedings terminated with the passing of a resolution exonerating Mr. Windust from all the charges brought against him, and testifying to the genuineness of the competitions. Mr. Petch informs us that none of the committee men knew Mr. Windust personally, and that they had the entire conduct of the proceedings.

MR. F. H. SORLEY, 57, Wansbach Gardens, West Hartlepool, sends us copy of correspondence he has had with Mr. J. Stoddart, of the *Racing Record*, Middelburg, Holland. He appears to have sent in, with other forecasts, a correct guess of the first three horses in the Lincoln Handicap, together with a covering postal order, but received from Mr. Stoddart a letter dated the day before the race stating that he had overpaid 2s., as no Lincoln coupon was enclosed. As a sum of £600 is involved, Mr. Sorley naturally followed up the matter by correspondence, but we do not very well see what he can do, as it is possible that, as Mr. Stoddart says, the particular coupon was omitted by mistake, although Mr. Sorley states he placed it in the envelope in the presence of several friends.

"ONE OF THE RED TIE MOB" (Bermondsey) calls us "an awfull ass." Fortunately he has not the courage to sign his "awfull" name, so we are excused from discussing Socialism with this fine fellow. A green tie would suit him better.

T. D. (Scarborough).—Peccavimus! We hope we have your eloquent initial right this time. But why are you so cross with poor Crow?

A. S. B. (Liverpool).—Yes, we had noticed the names of the English (?) men of letters who received honorary degrees in America. Quite a happy little family, were they not?

G. A. M. (Paddington) asks us to comment upon an article in the *Evening News* which argues that because emigration to the colonies is advisable in certain cases, therefore Free Trade is a mistake. The best commentary is furnished by an article on the same page of the *Evening News*, describing the boyhood of Mr. Thomas Holmes, the police court missionary, under Protection. Wages were very low and necessaries very dear. The same state of things would recur if we reverted to Protection. Of course, a thinly-populated country suffers less from Protection than a densely populated place. But the colonies would be better off if they enjoyed the benefits of Free Trade. Emigration is merely the transfer of superfluous people to localities which are insufficiently provided with workers.

W. T. T. (Harpenden) congratulates the St. Albans *Standard* on reporting some services a week before they took place. Nothing like being ahead of the times.

M. E. F. (Highbury) has written to the Brahmo Watch people saying "You can't diddle me." We hope she mentioned JOHN BULL. They probably obtained her signature by buying, from advertising firms, letters asking for samples.

F. S. (Liverpool) heard the riddle about the brick and a half when he was three. He asks us, "If a ship is 300 ft. long, and 40 ft. broad, how old is the captain?" To give us a clue he mentions incidentally that "the answer depends upon the number of hairs in the mate's whiskers." Why?

"YORKER" sends further particulars of directory dodges. He encloses a receipt form of the National Publishing Company (18, Eldon Street, London) for 2s. 6d. for an insertion in "The National Directory." He does not think the work has any existence at all, but we cannot say more than that we have never seen it. He mentions another firm, Macdonald and Co., Limited, of Edinburgh and other places, who also trade as "The Trades Directories Company, Limited," and "The Town and Counties Directories, Limited." Perhaps some of our readers will give us their experiences of these people?

A. D. (Stoke Newington) has been puzzling for hours over the venerable puzzle about "that man's father is my father's son." The answer is—his son.

H. E. D. (London, N.).—What have the wise virgins of Eastbourne been doing to you?

Someone sends us the *Dewsbury News* with an announcement that "premiums on the guarantee policies of the Corporation officials have been reduced to 4s. per cwt." Hundredweight of what?

"CAROLUS" (Kidderminster) and others.—Glad you agree with our views on the Budget.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak safety razor it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are **complete at Five Shillings.** Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shave.—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years For those desirous of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening, we will exchange seven sharp blades for seven dull ones and 1/6.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 6/6 per dozen, post free. We will always exchange a dozen old blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6 a dozen post free. **Send for free booklet.**

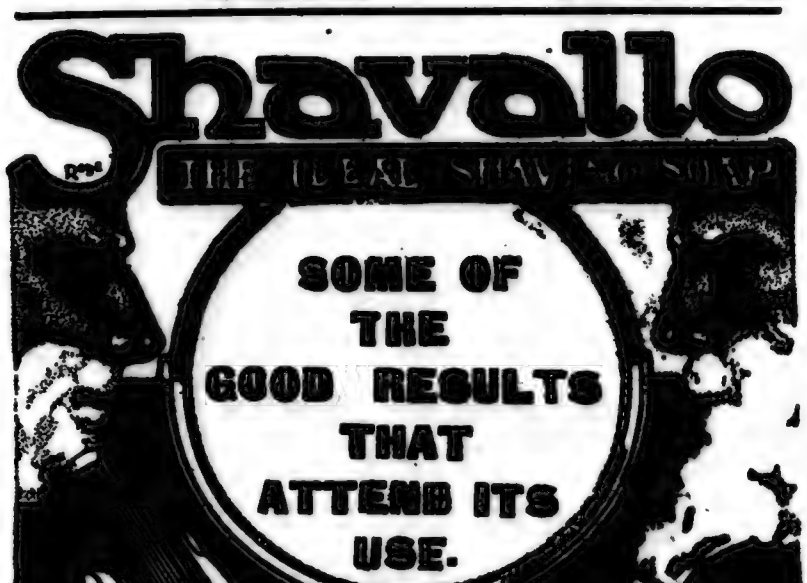
SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

Can be seen at Clements' Razor Depots: 69, Strand (under Savoy Hotel), 127, High Holborn. 42, Old Broad Street, 41, Gracechurch Street, 49, Moorgate Street, 19, London Street, E.C., 50, Fleet Street, 45, Queen Victoria Street.

Shavallo

THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP



A cleaner, easier and quicker shave, less stropping of the razor, a greater feeling of refreshment afterwards, and a clearer, healthier skin—these are the results that attend the use of "SHAVALLO." It yields the richest and most lasting of creamy lathers and combines a swift thorough softening effect on the beard with a mildness that will not smart or irritate the skin.

After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing. "SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

SOLD BY HAIRDRESSERS & CHEMISTS, 1/- per stick.

A stick will be forwarded direct for 1/1 if you cannot obtain "SHAVALLO" in your district.

JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd., (Dept. C)

Soap Makers to the King,
The Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON, E.

WHY WORRY

about paying your tailor fabulous prices for your clothing, when we can serve you with a thoroughly reliable, well-finished and well-tailored **Suit at 21/- to Measure** (valued by our customers at £3 3s.)

SUITS to Measure, 21/-, 27/6, 32/6.
TROUSERS to Measure, 6/-, 8/-, 9/6.

The suits are made from reliable and handsome Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas. **Send a Postcard for Patterns, forwarded free, and carriage paid.** Together with patterns, we will send you our fashion plate of latest designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full. Our Terms are: Satisfaction Given or money returned.

CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors (Dept. A191), 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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HIGHEST STANDARD

of **FOOD EXCELLENCE**

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HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

BREAD.

Science and Experience confirm.

HOVIS Bread is a pure wheaten product absolutely free from all chemicals and adulterants. It contains all the nutrient properties of the grain, and is more nourishing than either white or whole-meal bread. The waste branny particles are excluded, being indigestible. Hovis promotes digestion and possesses a sweet, nutty, agreeable flavour. Beware of substitutes. No other is "just as good." See the word "Hovis" on each loaf.

Booklet and all information free from

The Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

G. H. L. (Bromley) says we are widely read in his district, and that there is a proposal to form a "John Bull Society." He asks whether Jim Crow would act as treasurer. Jim says he will be delighted to take charge of the subscriptions and also to preside at the meetings of the Society—provided they are held at the local "pub." We, however, suggest that our Bromley friends should await the formation of the "John Bull League."

M. (Blackheath).—We should not like to say that there is no such thing as a *bond fide* home employment agency, but on the other hand we do not care to take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending one. Mr. G. W. Foote is editor of the *Freethinker*.

"SCRIPT" (Reading).—You undoubtedly have a splendid hand for engrossing work, but we can only suggest that you should communicate with the local solicitors.

W. M. L. (Ravenscourt Park) says he sent a series of stories to the Aldine Publishing Company, of Crown Court, Chancery Lane, and has been unable to get them back. It may be all for the best, but we will inquire into the matter.

W. B. E. (Birmingham) cannot understand a paragraph he has read, to the effect that an inquest has been held on 31 gold coins. W. B. E. must look up the law on treasure trove.

J. I. (Hove) is very angry with us for not falling down and worshipping all the Colonial Premiers. J. I. should read some of the Colonial papers!

J. S. W. (Bognor).—We do not attach much importance to the opinions of most "literary agents," but some of them are perfectly respectable. We have no information, however, regarding the Century Press Literary Agency.

MR. ALEXANDER BOGUSLAVSKY (3, Sackville Street, Piccadilly) thinks it time we learnt to smoke, so that we may be in a position to advise our readers in reference to nicotian matters. Accordingly, he sends us a box of Sackville cigarettes. We have tried them and are "almost persuaded."

J. E. W. sends a startling poem, entitled "The Devil," and we cannot refrain from quoting a verse:—

> "'Tis not in ugliness you'll find
> The subtlest form of a devil's mind;
> It is not that which doth repel
> Is bound to be a type of hell.
> 'It's' found in liquors rare, and 'fruity,'
> And chiefly clothed in human beauty."

G. M. (Brixton) draws our attention to a case of scarlet fever mentioned by the *News of the World* under the heading of "Accidents and Fires." He was not aware that scarlet fever could be described as an accident. But surely it comes under the category of fires.

J. B. (Highgate) wants a biscuit for *Punch* for stating that there are alligators in the Nile. What a shocking allegation.

"TOZAFE" (Gunnersbury) is exercised by a decision of the Long Ditton Vestry prohibiting artificial wreaths in the churchyard. He "begs to move that members thereof attend church unclothed, as it is unseemly that the sacred edifice should be defiled by the presence of artificial products; and that they be invited to put their heads in sacks." But sacks are not natural products, though it might be natural to give the Vestry the sack. (Cheers and laughter). Motion agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

D. T. T. (Boxmoor) has made the discovery that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor. He tells us about two people. One was a newsvendor who took 6d. for a ½d. paper, went into a publichouse for change, bolted by another door, and was sent to prison for 6 months. The other was a solicitor who received money for investment as a trustee, deposited a portion with his private bankers, and put the rest into his own pocket. Questioned about this, he returned unsatisfactory answers. The papers were handed to the director of public prosecutions, who says he cannot prosecute. Before pronouncing on this case, we should have to hear the solicitor's version, but if the facts are as stated, D. T. T. is justified in asking "Where is the difference between the solicitor and the newsvendor? Both had money entrusted to them for a specific purpose, both acted in the same way and appropriated it to themselves. Why should they not be treated in the same way?" The answer is because legal folk look after their own.

Mr. ALLEYSON, the Secretary of the Club Francaise de Londres, 44, Greek Street, Soho, wishes us to disclaim the idea that our recent article on "A London Hell" had reference to that institution. We regret that we are unable to comply with his request.

"BULLITE" (Harringay) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle* for a clerk and collector in spare time. He called on the Empire Mercantile Agency (158, Fenchurch Street, E.C.). From the other side of the road he saw a young man "looking out of the window apparently killing time," but found the same young man very busy upstairs "smacking away on a typewriter." We do not see why this should imply that the firm is wrong. But when "Bullite" was offered 25s. weekly and required to give £15 cash security, we rub our eyes. He proposed £50 written security or to pass the Guarantee Society, but this was refused. He is quite right to be suspicious.

"FAIR PLAY" (Cricklewood) and "Showman" (Battersea Park) complain that prices are raised at Mr. Walter Gibbons' Music Halls at holiday times. No notice is put up outside, and it is only on reaching the pay-box that people discover an augmentation of 50 per cent. They are then too shy to go away. But we hope the performers are not too shy to benefit by the increased revenue.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Racing Flourishing.

Bloodstock reared in South America is realising exorbitant auction prices.

A Single String.

What a number of our leading trainers are dependent upon one owner!

Their "Derby."

The King's Plate decided every May is the biggest event in Canada.

The Real Kingsclere "Crack."

Willie Waugh is undoubtedly "the" most popular of all trainers with the Press generally.

The Authorities Please Heed.

Notice how in every country (European or otherwise), where the totalisator is used, racing flourishes amazingly.

Their "Mainstay."

What think executives of the suggestion that all selling race surpluses should go to the Jockey Club funds?

Aggravatingly True.

How many horses do better in their "feelers" first time out than when actually backed subsequently!

He "Hides" It Not.

Walter Hyde, Kempton's popular secretary, is keener on politics than racing. And it is an hereditary *fault*.

Old Times.

There was once an entry exceeding 200 for the Chester Cup, and an acceptance of 100 for the City and Suburban!

They Know Him Better.

Aurum II., the crack of Australia, and unlucky all round here, has returned to his native country as a sire.

A Jubilee Week Puzzle.

Who is the leading bookmaker who vows "he has only had two winning weeks in ten years"—and yet owns streets of property?

Wait for Gilpin's.

The trainers who keep their horses off the downs the most, giving them the longest winter's rest possible, eventually do best as regards winning races.

Used to the Pari-Mutuel.

The reason why French owners like having a try for big English races is that being gamblers they always want to know the price they are getting in advance.

What "Happens" Elucidates It.

It is best not to worry over big handicaps of the distant future, or form any early opinion. Matters smooth out so very much before the day.

Begin Low.

It is a mistake to start with too high a fee for an unknown or "unmade" sire, and then have to come down. The other way round is much the better commercial and successful plan.

Monday's Settling.

How very useful the holidays are at times to both sides of the speculative forces! They either give them reasonable ground for being a bit behind in "settling," or enable them to manipulate their accounts. Is it true, gentlemen?

An Analogy.

When fielders have been to a "potting sort of meeting" like Folkestone on Monday, where they probably lost a hundred or two, they invariably vow it was "robbing their wife and children" to go.

No "Orders."

Jockeys say that the late W. G. Stevens was the very best trainer to ride for, as he invariably gave them orders to ride "exactly how they found best according to the way the race was run and what happened." But the claret and blue cap couldn't win races then as it does now for his brother!

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
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You Can't Guess.

Who are the two or three young "bloods" who own horses and loom very large in the public eye as racehorse owners, and who are joint signatories to very, very big bills up West?

Jocks. v. Champion Athletes.

I am delighted to be able to say that the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with Sir William Soulsby and their suite, and the Sheriffs, have been good enough to promise to attend at the Oval on the occasion of our Jockeys v. Athletes cricket match on July 1st next, and which is in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples Fund. For this occasion, too, I have also been granted the gratuitous use of the City of London Police Band.

The Fluctuations of Fame.

How wayward and sheeplike the racing forces are; for a jockey has only to ride nominally two or three losers when he is practically forgotten. A case in point is that of little Wootton, who was the infant prodigy of last autumn, because he happened to strike lucky at the outset and be on a few winners. This season the boy's form has apparently not been maintained, simply because he has been second instead of first. I grant that a little better luck, if nothing else, would have won him the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Cadwal and the Newbury Cup on Larino, but because he was beaten then and second again in the City and Suburban, he is now only rated with the rest of the feather weights, in contrast to being on the extraordinary absurd pedestal which was the case six months ago. And immediately the boy wins another good race—especially by a narrow margin—he will once again jump into everybody's fulsome praise.

The Luck of the Thing.

No matter what a race promises to be or what an executive do in furthering its interests, only extraneous matters, which none can control, really make or mar an event. What sort of a Derby are we going to have a month hence? The present betting would suggest an exceptionally open and interesting one. Primarily the weather influences one-half of those who go to Epsom as pleasure-seekers—or because it is the Derby. We have painful recollections of the terrible time associated with St. Amant's year. It is just fate as to what happens or doesn't happen to the intended competitors—especially favourites. The luck of the whole thing lies with chance. Had Slieve Gallion trotted home in the Guineas he would have immediately jumped into being an odds on chance, and everyone would have considered the blue riband a "one-horse" race. Slieve Gallion as favourite certainly did win the Guineas, but it was just that very style as to how he won it that has been Mr. Dorling's luck to "make" the approaching Derby. The market, everyone's opinion, and the aspect of the Derby result, remains practically *in statu quo* by reason of the immense diversity of opinion among the shrewd and experienced onlookers as to how Captain Greet's black gained

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his first classic honours. Did he win easily, cleverly, or "all out?"; and each version has its most emphatic upholders. Jockeys who rode in the race similarly differ in what they say did happen, and what they surmise will occur in the Derby. Higgs, the jockey of Slieve Gallion, avers that he won easily, and that nothing in the race will get as near to him again. Maher the rider of the second, Bezonian, vows that in his opinion the favourite was "all out," could not win a yard farther, and that he himself eased Bezonian, who will therefore turn the tables at Epsom. Then, again, in come the adherents of Galvani, who with every justification maintain that Galvani beat Slieve Gallion last year in the Middle Park Plate, and there is no reason why he should not do so again this season. It is an old and true maxim that the best two-year-old becomes the best three-year-old, and only the questions as to whether Galvani has come on and is fit, as we know Slieve Gallion to be, qualifies the expectation of those not aware of Major Loder's chestnut's actual present condition and form. When seen in the paddock at Newmarket he certainly satisfied the critics. This season we are apparently to have no serious French opposition. All Black represents South African interests, but there would seem to be no justifiable ground for expecting a reversal of the Guineas placings as far as he is concerned. Whether Slieve Gallion stays or not, whether he is game or not, and whether he can come down hill or not, only the actual race can decide. It is these moot points that will lead to argument, strong partisanship, and heavy betting. It is such diversity of ideas, backed up by the English sportsman's supporting his opinion through his pocket, that makes the market, creates the odds, and eventually leads to exultation on one side, and crestfallen excuse on the other.

Prophetic.

Looking far ahead it seems common sense to suggest that SUCCOUR can win next Tuesday's Newmarket Handicap, but in the interim Kempton provides a very tempting card. If he has recovered from the mishap which has kept him out of the field for several engagements which he could not well have lost, SEANCHUIDHE must go close for Friday's Westminster Handicap, whilst NIGHTFALL and ST. PETERSBURG are paper certs. for their races.

At the moment of writing the Jubilee Handicap is in a very unsatisfactory position, with various doubts as to what will win, such facts governing the appearance in the field of others. I cannot hold with those who consider Polar Star has a five to two chance. The odds are absurd, while there is further the decided fact that had the three-year-old been at anything approaching his best, his connections would not have thrown away last week's Chippenham Plate at Newmarket, for it was worth £500, was a mere canter for him, and must have proved in public whether he was the Polar Star we knew last season or anything approaching it. All such doubts make the present odds ridiculous, for I read it that Robinson was unwilling to risk the smearing of his escutcheon by a defeat, while those who saw the chestnut vow that he has not progressed during the recess. If fit and fancied, I really believe that

MALUA

will about win, for he was always a class horse, and beat Polymelus over this distance on much worse terms than in the Cambridgeshire when not seriously expected. Therefore, if the chestnut has at all come on, despite his recent trial defeat, he must go very close.

The Uncle Mac—MURGIS colt will go very close for the Trial Handicap, and if satisfied with the smaller stake, MUSSULMAN, penalised but 5lb., should take the River Handicap.

Extract from the *War Office Times and Naval Review*, April, 1907:—

"RACING AND THE SERVICES."

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Mr. A. J. King, of Toronto, Canada, a well-known mining expert, who has just arrived in London, direct from Cobalt, Ontario, and who inspected England's Premier Mine, has brought with him some rich samples of ore showing native silver which he obtained on the property himself. He states that average, unselected assays of ore on the property run from 300 to 900 oz. of pure silver to the ton. He states further that he has no hesitation in saying this is one of the best prospects in the camp, and that in a few months it will be, like its rich neighbours, one of the important producing mines in the Cobalt district.

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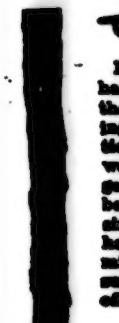

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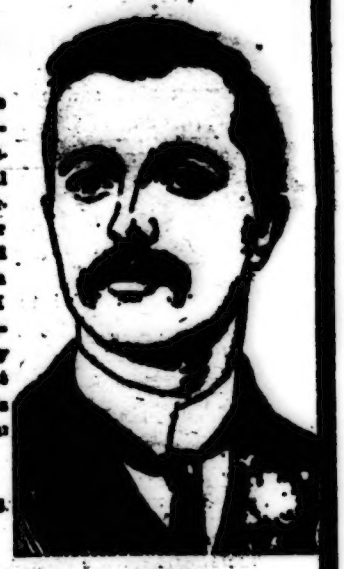

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